THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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AN AIR-CASTLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY FLORENCE PERCY.

I have built a castle in the air,
High and proud and beautifully fair;
Only your sweet smile the pile can crown—
Pray you, dear one, do not dash it down!

All my hopes are builded in its walls;
All my life is shattered if it falls.
Queen of all its wealth you long have been—
Pray you, dear one, come and dwell therein!

I have had a vision—and it seemed
That your great love dowered me as I dreamed;
Do not bid the blessed hope depart—
Pray you, dear one, do not break my heart!

Clasp me with your earnest sympathies;
Help me with your deep magnetic eyes;
Let them be my beacons from to-day—
Pray you, dear one, do not turn away!

I have waited all these lonesome years,
Silently, but yet with many tears,
Keeping love, and faith, and hope for you—
Pray you, dear one, let my dream come true!

Do not say that all the patient pain
Of my love has been endured in vain—
Do not spoil my castle with your frown—
Pray you, dear one, do not dash it down!

Rome, Italy.

MANUEL AND THE CARIB CHIEF.

THE DANE.

A STORY OF THE TROPICS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

That night there was a great fete given in honor of Della's return. The beautiful girl, attired in robes of the costliest embroidery, her gleaming locks bound by a fillet of gold and diamonds, appeared more like a young and triumphant queen, receiving the homage of her subjects, than the daughter of an English planter. The rooms were thronged with the beauty and chivalry of Georgetown; the conservatory hung with lamps set in vases of alabaster, afforded a promenade wherein the senses were regaled with the richest tropical fragrance, and the eye feasted with colors whose gorgeous tinting no other climate can rival; while clusters of the most tempting fruits, oranges, lemons and pines hung or were placed within the hand's reach. Outside, the colonial band discoursed the most ravishing music. Forty-seven instruments composed the band, but it was situated at such a distance that the music sounded sweet and mellow as it reached the house.

Manuel, like a restless spirit, wandered here and there, now feeding his absorbing passion upon the peerless beauty of Della, now nursing in his heart the fire of distrust and jealousy till he was nearly driven mad. Finally, unable any longer to endure his own anguish while near the unconscious object of his love, he threw on a light cloak and hat, and started from the house with the intention of walking his disquiet away if that were possible. He passed down the mango avenue; the moon was shining with a lustre seen nowhere but in the tropical regions, and in broad waves of silver it lay across the patches of young pine apples that bordered the estate. The palms were pencilled in deep, sharp tints against the glorious sky—a thousand strange voices sounded from the near canals and the umbrageous forests in the vicinity, while the tinkling music of a waterfall added to the charms of the night.

As Manuel moved along, goaded by bewildering thoughts, he fancied once or twice that he heard a footfall near him, and again that he saw a shadow across the path. Presently he was aware that his steps were dogged, for a form emerged from the thick mangrove undergrowth that lined the edges of the walls, and with a guttural sound stood directly before him. He was a keen-eyed, cunning-faced Indian. His head was surmounted by a crown of beads and feathers, his neck encircled with strings of fish's teeth, and a tattered red blanket tied by a strip of bark to his waist dangled far below his knees. His bronzed and powerful chest was bare. He was short of stature, but his manner was not without a certain dignity.

"Ah! Wa-wa-nosh!" said Manuel, recognizing a chief of the Carib tribe, who occasionally brought wild game to the Everglades, "what are you here for now?"

"Come to catch piracu," replied the Indian, in his low, peculiar voice. "Big white men want him soon; most time to catch him—most time to salt him."

"Yes, but you are out of the way; the river runs in another direction," said Manuel.

"Me hear music," said the savage; "come to see big white man's little squaw; she very good," and he ended with a grunt that denoted satisfaction.

"Then you saw her," said Manuel, his own voice softening at mention of her name.

"Ugh!" grunted the Indian, "she very good."

Manuel paused for a moment, looking steadily in the Indian's eye.

"Wa-wa-nosh," he said, sinking his voice, "have you got any fresh wourali on hand?"

"No—no good; make him soon," returned the Indian, warily. "Make him fresh! make him strong. White man buy some? good for deer."

"I'll see about it," murmured Manuel, still wrapped in deep thought; "look here, Wawa-nosh—do you want to earn a big sum of money—two, three, six, twenty silver dollars?"

"Ugh!" grunted the Indian, and in the vivid moonlight Manuel saw the black eyes sparkle.

"Well—come here, Wa-wa-nosh—deeper in the shade. I want to tell you something."

They drew back further behind a clump of the yari-yari, or lancewood trees, whose slender branches growing low and interlacing made a secure shade.

"Now," said Manuel, his face all a glow, "Wa-wa-nosh must listen. I have important words to speak to him."

"Ugh!" was the answer.

"You saw the big white man's pretty daughter."

The savage responded that he did.

"Well, I love her; you understand me, I love her very much, and wish to make her my wife."

"Ugh! white man want squaw go live in his tent," said the Indian.

"Yes, that is what I mean. But, Wa-wa-nosh, I am not a big man like her father. I have no house; no land; no gold; and plenty white men have, who want to make her their wife, too—you understand?"

"Ugh! lilly boy injun wants chief's daughter; no git her, 'cause plenty big warriors about."

"That's the very thing. But I love her; I shall die to see her marry another."

"Ugh!" said the chief, while his lip curled contemptuously, "white man have soft heart; plenty squaws."

"But I care only for her. Now I want you to steal her for me."

The Indian made an impatient movement.

"Hold, Wa-wa-nosh; let me tell you all. You shall steal us both; take us captives, you know; and I will give you great silver pieces; see, I have some now," and he gingled some loose coin before the Indian's covetous eyes.

"But what Wa-wa-nosh do?" he responded, quickly. "Big white man give Indian plenty to eat—plenty powder and shot."

"No matter—I'll give you more. Listen Wa-wa-nosh. Your tribe tell me that there is a spot of wonderful beauty, an Indian paradise, up in the mountains, that never yet has been trodden by the white man; is it so?"

"Ugh! Manao!" muttered the chief, pulling uneasily at his blanket. "Buck lujun have much strong water, or he no say that;" he added.

"Well, never mind—they have said it. Now you Caribs know the secret entrance to this spot, where the rocks glisten with precious stones, where the birds are more gorgeous than mortal eye has ever seen, and the river runs over sands of gold. Is it not so?"

"Ugh!" responded the Indian, understanding but a part of his rhapsody, "but if white man go there, he must never come out agin."

"With her," murmured the passionate Dane, "a barren rock would be heaven to me." Then he added in louder voice, "I am willing never to leave that garden—I never more wish to see the face of a pale skin. There, when once the grief of leaving her friends is over, and she sees that return is impossible, she will submit to her lot. The wonders of that beautiful Manoa, with its serpent-guarded entrance, its crystal waters and beds of gold, will ultimately efface the remembrance of her home. And when she finds me all devotion, and has no other being on whom to lavish the wealth of her love, she will marry me; she will be my own; mine forever," he said exultingly.

The Indian, who evidently wondered at this long speech, changed his position with a motion indicative of weariness and a desire to end the conference. Again the tempting silver, interspersed with bits of gold, was held before his eyes.

"How does white man want me to do?" asked Wa-wa-nosh.

"Simply this," was the reply; "bring some Indians, on a day I shall set for you. I will take the lady to ride; we will drive as far as the Willow-well fall. Then we will leave the fall, and follow the trail round the rocks that leads to Macoushi, in that wild pass by 'Dead Man's Rock.' Near that place you must surprise us, and bind us *both*—do you hear?" then strike into the forest. The rest I leave with you; and if you carry us safely to Manoah, or Manao, as you call it, I will give you one hundred dollars in gold."

The Indian sprang forward exultingly, throwing up his arms in delight, but in a moment, composing himself, he asked,

"But what take you too, for? what for bind both?"

"So that if we should be overtaken," replied Manuel, cautiously, "the chief man shall not kill me for stealing away my bride!"

"Ugh!" cried the Indian, vaguely, "suppose he kill red man too."

"Oh! but if we are pursued, you and your men can save yourselves, of course. You know how; but we must be found unable to move forward—captives."

"Ugh—and lose hundred dollars!" grunted the chief.

"No—you shall have the hundred dollars on the very day you capture us—you shall take them out of my pocket, you know," he said significantly.

"Good! I come to-morrow—let you know to-morrow," said the Indian, with a grim smile. And after a few more words the two parted.

Manuel walked towards the house. The band still discoursed sweet music—the feet of the dancers could be heard tripping over the marble floor.

On the moment of Manuel's entrance he caught sight of the fairy-like figure of Della. She was standing by the side of Lieutenant Warren, and her eyes were cast down while she listened; blushes brightened her cheek.

Along the glowing vistas of brilliant waltzers he looked—his brain dizzy with the sight—then drawing near, he moved by Della, purposely brushing against her dress.

She glanced up.

"Why, Manuel!" she cried, "where have you been all the evening; we have missed you."

"Did *you* miss me?" asked the young Dane. The voice sounded singularly between his teeth, and that look of mingled fire and softness, sent the blood to her heart and back again.

"Come, Miss St. Lemoine, a new set is forming," said Lieutenant Warren, carelessly, "we shall be too late;" and before Della could reply, or give scarcely an answering look, she was hurried away with gentle violence.

CHAPTER IV.

THE HANDSOME STRANGER. THE SPECTRE AT MIDNIGHT.

Most of the guests returned to the city early on the following morning, loud in praise of the magnificent entertainment, and the exceeding loveliness of Miss St. Lemoine.

By Della's earnest request, little Mary Wooden, the niece of the Governor, remained, and her brother also.

The latter admired Della as much as he dared—he saw, however, that the gallant soldier stood as yet the highest in her estimation. Mr. St. Lemoine also extended an invitation to Lieutenant Warren—to Earl Tracy, and M. Bernard—all of whom were mightily delighted to stay; so for nearly a week the Everglades was to be honored by their presence.

The Earl sincerely admired Della St. Lemoine. Love, he could not—the passion was long since exhausted. Still it was with special designs upon her, that he thwarted nature by changing the white streaks that dared show themselves in hair and beard. It was to gain her notice that he padded and painted, and used all the little fascinations of which he was yet master. M. Bernard, however, was truly, deeply inspired with love for the peerless creature. Already he was willing to throw himself, with his immense fortune, at her feet—but he was timid.

So matters remained while the bolder and more reckless Warren, little dreaming that he stood on the very verge of a precipice, appeared to possess the most decided vantage ground. He walked, rode, sang, and danced [illegible], while she seemed patiently [illegible] in his presence, and [illegible] for his approbation as eagerly as that of her father. It was not possible that she could meet Manuel every day and not notice that he was ill at ease. There was mute worship even in his casual glance, and feeling that perhaps he loved her, she grew more reserved that she might not undesignedly encourage him. Lieutenant Warren, however, used his power ungenerously. He bantered Manuel;—in a thousand little ways contrived to show his influence over Della—treated him as an inferior, and roused the hot temper of the youth to a steady, boiling heat, that never cooled in his presence.

"Wait," muttered the Dane, while his eyes grew lurid—"wait till the opportunity comes—and if *that* plan fails—then, look out for yourself—I have that which will drink your blood and none be the wiser."

Two days after the *fete* a stranger appeared at the Everglades. He came with letters from the most eminent men in America, to pursue his labors as a naturalist and lover of science, in the wilds of British Guiana. The splendid appearance of this man, immediately impressed all who looked upon him. Somewhat above the middle height, his form was symmetry itself. His hair of raven-blackness shaded a brow, lofty and pale with thought; and singularly enough his eyes were of a deep, calm blue. So deep! so calm they were that one was impressed with the eminent purity of the man. No grossness seemed to linger about him. His smile took the coldest heart captive, and well for the maiden in his presence that it was as rare as beautiful.

Even Manuel, so chary of his admiration of late, looked upon the stranger with a softened glance, and if he spoke to him, it was with deference.

Singularly enough, as the two men stood together, or came near each other, there was a similarity in their appearance that was absolutely wonderful. Both had raven hair and blue eyes—both possessed very prominent and well shaped brows, and more singular still, when Manuel smiled, he favored the naturalist still more. Apparently there was a difference of eight or ten years in their ages, and they might almost have passed for brothers, but for the extreme irritability suggested by Manuel's nervous lips, and the almost repulsive expression that uncurbed passion and unrestrained will gave at times to his countenance. Della was the first to notice this extraordinary likeness of which she spoke to her father. He said that it became apparent to him as he saw them more together, and one after the other the whole household began comparing the faces, neither the stranger nor Manuel being aware of the discussions they occasioned. Mr. St. Lemoine urged the new comer to remain so heartily that he accepted the invitation for a short time at least. Towards Della he showed almost a reverential courtesy of demeanor. He never attempted, however, to engage her attentions, but evidently believing that the handsome Lieutenant was her favored lover, he contented himself with quietly looking on. That he was accomplished was soon discovered. Della surprised him early one morning extemporising on the piano, such strains as she afterwards declared she had never heard before.—His voice was a superb contralto, and threw young Warren's entirely in the shade by its richness and flexibility. He engaged readily in all the sports of the week, beat every body at shooting and fencing, and astonished Mr. St. Lemoine into a speech to the effect that he had seen many accomplished gentlemen, but one that united every requisite of manhood with the utmost finish of manners and elegance of person, never, till he met the young professor Vance. Little Mary Wooden declared herself (privately) "perfectly enraptured" with him; but Della, a little piqued that he did not immediately pay court to her, contented herself with appearing satisfied with the assiduous attentions of the young Lieutenant.

On the following Saturday the most of the guests returned. There was to be a ball at Government house on Monday evening, and late in the afternoon, an order coming from the Commandant, sent the Lieutenant in a hurry into the city. Once more Manuel and Mr. St. Lemoine had Della all to themselves, but Manuel seemed no longer delighted with the privilege. On the contrary, he looked careworn, and his eyes were heavy, as if he had not slept well of late. The stranger had gone at the invitation of his excellency to Government house.

Sunday passed. Mr. St. Lemoine was not well enough to attend Church, and Della preferred to stay at home and read to him. The hours moved on languidly. In vain Della strove to force Manuel into cheerfulness, he lounged on a distant sofa and would only answer in monosyllables. Frequently he left the room and returned only to resume his moodiness. Della retired early to bed. Rose had begged the privilege of visiting a sick sister, and was not expected till the morning. Kian being more than usually communicative, commenced on her favorite topic, and talked of wraiths, warnings and apparitions, till poor Della's blood ran cold, and in every white object she saw a spectre.

"Well there, chile, honey!" exclaimed the old woman, seeing that Della's face looked as white as the pillows it pressed, "I's an ole' fool, and that's de fact. 'Spect old master 'd give me a caning if he know'd I told you such things, honey—but laws, 'taint as bad as I *could* tell; I's seen sights in my day, chile—"

"Never mind, Kian," said Della, "just open the curtains at the foot of my bed; looking out in this splendid moonlight may calm the nerves you have unstrung, and send me to sleep."

The headboard of the bedstead was within two feet of the wall. At the foot was a deep window commanding a glorious prospect of a wood and distant river. Old Kian swept aside the brocaded curtains, opened the lace net that folded the bedstead round, and the full flood of glorious tropical moonlight filled the beautiful room. Della, gazing out upon this vivid insire, felt the soothing influence of nature. She did not sleep, however, but listened to old Kian, humming and moving from Della's room to her own little closet, until the old woman mumbled her prayers, and soon she heard her breathing deeply.

The great clock in the hall struck ten, then eleven. Gradually the many sounds grew less around the household, and finally ceased. Nothing could be heard save the myriad voices of the forest, the rustling of the cool wind from the west, and now and then the silvery notes of the Guiana mocking-bird. In vain Della strove to compose herself to sleep—some mysterious influence held her eyes wide open. At length a nervous tremor seized her. The moon had nearly gone, but it was still light enough to descry every object in the chamber. She gazed round on the familiar things that met her sight. There stood the couch where Rose usually slept. A white, shadowy form seemed to lie along its cushions. Della remembered after a while that she had thrown her mantle there—possibly Kian had spread it out. She arose to reassure herself; yes, it was her lace mantle. Smiling at her own nervous fears, but not able, nevertheless, to conquer them, she tried the two doors leading into the hall. They were fastened both with key and bolt. At one moment she determined to light a taper, at another to call Kian, but what could she say? She had not illness to plead; no, she would be brave, and do without either. She would conquer this needless, haunting fear—this shadow of Kian's ghost, this apprehension unworthy even of a schoolgirl.

The clock struck twelve. Why did the hollow sound make her shiver? She lay there no longer able to look on a scene of beauty, for the pale receding light came in so faintly it made the nearest objects ghastly. As she watched and listened, she became conscious of a singular sound that seemed to proceed from the back of the bedstead, and nearly overhead. It was quite dusky now. A vague terror crept along her nerves, and almost paralyzed her. She strove to cry out, but could not. She was certain she heard a movement; the curtain rustled, the rings above moved tremulously over the wires by which the net was supported; a cold wind blew across her face, she could feel the hair stirring on her temples.

Unable to move, she lay there, seeming to shake the bed with the heavy beating of her heart. A cold sweat broke over her, so that she felt as if enveloped in a wet shroud. Oh, what was it? this unearthly presence—for presence there was—she felt it. She knew something bent over her, and the thought sent ice-chills from brain to foot—she felt a breath upon her cheek—a horrible consciousness of a presence she could not see, that perhaps it was impossible for mortal to behold. She thought of her mother who had been dust so long: of the ghostly warnings said to have been given to her at dead of night. Did these unearthly beings now come to haunt her child? She tried to pray; in vain; terror swallowed all her thoughts; she tried to bring her hands together, that the clasping might reassure her; she could not. Once, only once, she gathered sufficient courage to lift her eyes, but the sight she saw curdled her blood with horror. A misty white shape garlanded about with falling crape! Her senses were forsaking her when she heard the words, in a strange, sepulchral voice,

"Drive to Dead Man's Rock to-morrow with Manuel. Remember, and be silent."

The word "remember" was then repeated thrice, the singular, sliding sound occurred again, and Della, half-dead with terror, felt that the spirit had gone. Weaker than an infant she lay there, making countless efforts to call Kian, until insensibility occurred, from which she must have fallen into a deep sleep, for she was wakened only by the gossip of the old negress.

"T'ought to Mars'r you never was gwine to wake up 'gin, Miss Della! Here's breakfast been ready this half hour, and everybody waiting till they just couldn't wait no longer, and you sleeping like a dead man. Laws, you mus' have laid awake long time las' night lookin' at de moon. It's my conviction dat young gals allers does like to look at de moon."

"What time is it, Kian?" asked Della, raising her head languidly.

"Laws, Miss Della, sun's three hours high, more too. I'se been totin' roun' de room an hour, sartin. Ye'll find everything ready jes' as Miss Rose has it, honey, on'y not quite in de style, p'raps; I'se old, ye know, honey. Come, come, everybody's waitin' on ye."

With trembling limbs the young girl arose, that dreadful vision yet fresh in her mind.

"Could I have dreamed it?" she asked herself again and again; "no, impossible! My mother saw these things; it is likely I shall be followed by them; but oh, it is fearful, too fearful!"

Quietly dressing, her mind too painfully pre-occupied to talk with the old negress, Della, after finishing her toilet, walked languidly down to the table, where her father and Manuel yet lingered. The former greeted her with an affectionate solicitude in his countenance; the latter gave her one hurried, searching glance, and then appeared intent on his own thoughts.

"I feared you were ill, daughter," said M. St. Lemoine, anxiously.

"I am not quite well, father," replied Della; "I believe I need a drive," she added, with a forced smile, her eyes unconsciously turning toward Manuel.

As she spoke, a momentary triumph made his eyes shine, but when she looked at him his face was passive.

"Yes, yes, by all means: I will see that the horses are ordered out immediately after breakfast. I wish I was well enough to drive you, for I have sent the coachman to town with a message for the Governor."

"Perhaps Manuel will take charge of me this once," said Della, her voice almost faltering as she remembered the vision.

"Certainly; I shall be very happy, I am sure," said Manuel, his manner far from betraying his inward exultation. So it was settled.

"Pray tell me is there such a place as 'Dead Man's Rock?'" asked Della, assuming a careless mein, as the horses sauntered slowly through a palm avenue.

"Oh yes;" replied Manuel, "some four miles from here, up country—but, although it is a lovely drive, I would not advise you to go there," he added, not a muscle of his face changing.

"Why not, pray?" asked Della, looking at him with wondering eyes.

"There have been bands of hostile Indians in that part of the country," said Manuel, warily, "and though I don't suppose they would be hardy enough to attempt to rob us, yet I don't quite like to go in their vicinity unarmed."

"Rob us!"

"Yes, you have rings on and wear a watch, while I have a sum of money with me."

"Let us go back then, and leave them at home," said Della.

"We have driven a considerable distance," replied Manuel, "and if you are going to Government house this evening, you have no time to lose. You can conceal your rings in the carriage—an Indian's eye would be taken with the glitter. But I think the best plan would be not to go at all, but turn the horses' heads in another direction, and visit some less dangerous locality."

"Oh! by all means go there!" cried Della; "you needn't think to frighten me, if I am a woman, for I am very brave, I assure you," she said laughingly, while her heart was sinking. "We can just go there, you know, and drive directly back."

"As you wish," said Manuel, urging the well kept steeds over the hard road.

"What a glorious morning!" said Della, rousing long enough to note the acacia-hedges and the brilliant bloom of the cactus not yet stripped of dew. Then she sank back languidly against the cushions and scarcely a word was spoken.

CHAPTER V.

DEAD MAN'S ROCK—THE ABDUCTION.

The bamboo trees threw arching branches across the road. Now they saw a forest of the Banyan multiplying itself by thousands, while underneath its slender trunks the ground was brown and dry. Paroquets and wiskodees flitted in and out among the tremulous leaves, and the little partridge timorously flew before them, the scarlet trumpeter startled them at times with the war-like notes that vibrated strangely on the still air. Sometimes they met with streams reflecting the brilliancy of the unclouded heavens, from whose edges flocks of gaudy plumaged birds would start—sometimes drove through rich valleys, where the luxuriance of vegetation, the glorious tinting of fields, trees, and flowers, moved Della to utterances of delight.

They left the carriage, for the road began to narrow as it approached the rock, and leaning on Manuel's arm, Della was assisted over the roughening path, until they drew quite near the object they sought.

"There is Dead Man's Rock," said Manuel, as they came in sight of a projecting cliff that stood out from the masses of foliage on every side, like a square table of gray stone. "Shall I tell you how it came to have so gloomy a name?" he added.

"Oh, no—for pity's sake don't let me hear any more of the horrible," cried Della; "if you knew how much I hear at home from old Kian!" she added, fearing she had betrayed herself.

"See, what is this?" queried Della, pointing to a small, feather-tipped arrow, by whose point a strip of white bark was pinned into the earth.

"We will soon find," said Manuel, unfastening the arrow; "it is nothing but a bit of bark—some Indian signal, perhaps."

"Why!—but there is writing upon it," cried Della, in consternation.

"Writing upon it—where?" queried Manuel, turning it over and over in his hand.

"You certainly see it—here, give it to me; now you can read it, can you not? 'Go on further till you see a white tent in the forest,'" and she held it eagerly up before him.

"Miss Della, are you joking me?" asked Manuel, apparently striving to hide a smile. "Did you really mean that you saw writing on this bit of bark? Then why do not I?"

Della stood aghast, looking blankly towards him, the strip of bark still grasped between her fingers. She was in a terrible excitement; she even doubted him as he, gazing carelessly at the missive, made a feint that he saw nothing. At length her arm relaxed—the blood rushed to her cheeks, and her eye lighted with a strange fire.

"Very well," she said, with unnatural calmness, "the message then is for me alone. But you will go with me, Manuel."

"Go! message!—you words are blind, Miss Della. I cannot understand you at all. What glamour has come over you, that you see a message here, on this smooth, untraced bark. Do you wish to go into the forest? You see there is but a narrow, beaten track."

"Yes, we must go till we find a white tent," said Della, referring to the bark.

"A white tent; what! in the woods here? The Arowacks and the Caribs are somewhere hereabouts, but they never live in tents, but huts—like the brick-houses in miniature at home. It is rashness, Miss Della, for us to pursue the way farther; let me urge you to return; it is almost noon."

"If it were almost night," said Della, quietly, "I must go. Will you accompany me, or shall I find my way alone?"

"My dear Della—Miss St. Lemoine, I mean—I implore you to return. Think of your father's anxiety; he would never forgive me, if anything happened to you," said Manuel, with well dissembled anxiety.

"I can think of nothing at present but the purpose before me," said Della, with an admirable firmness, "and I promise you no blame shall attach to you, my good Manuel. Come—you did not use to need so much urging," she said, a regret in her gentle voice.

"I will go wherever you command, Miss Della," he replied, apparently quite subdued.

"Thank you; the horses will stand, I suppose," she said, moving forward.

"Yes," replied Manuel, "I have fastened them—but—permit me to ask, have you—any—any definite purpose in thus following this strange direction, as you think it? May I ask if you—expect to meet any one—to—"

"Please ask me nothing, Manuel, at least now," said Della, greatly excited. She did not see—for Manuel followed her, the smile of mingled cunning and triumph that lighted up his face—or the burning red rays that made his eyes almost a fierce purple.

"Let me lead the way," said Manuel; "you are not strong enough to bend these branches," and he stepped before her.

"I wonder if Sir Walter Raleigh ever came through these woods?" mused Della, as she looked through the tree-trunks from side to side. "The Indians promised, you know, to lead him to Manoa—the Golden Land—but they were treacherous. Do you suppose, Manuel, there *is* such a place?"

"I don't doubt it," replied the young man.

"Don't you? Oh, how delightful it would be to find it! Our old Kian tells the most marvellous legends about it—she has heard them from the Indians. What are you stopping for, Manuel?" she asked, as the Dane paused a moment.

"Had we not better return?" he said, his face unusually pale.

"Oh, no, not for worlds, yet. Are you weary?—for my part I feel as fresh as ever. You are listening; what do you hear?"

"I thought I heard footsteps," whispered Manuel. "I confess I am something of a coward in these places—if I was only armed!—we are so utterly defenceless."

"Do you really think there *is* the least danger of being waylaid?" asked Della. "Hark! there certainly is a noise! Would the Indians harm us? I hear steps. Look! look—oh! Manuel—save me! save me! mercy, oh! mercy!"

They were surrounded. So stealthily had they glided out from the undergrowth—those four hideously painted savages, with Wa wa-nosh at their head, that they had bound both Della and the Dane securely before the frightened girl found the power of speech. Then they muttered together in their uncouth dialect, and making motions, bade them follow the two foremost, while two others walked in the rear.

"Oh! Manuel—Manuel—this is my insane folly!" cried the terrified girl—"we can do nothing; we are wholly in their power. Oh! my father! my father!" she cried, in heart-rending tones.

"Be calm, Della—they will not dare to harm us—they wish only to rob us. You have your jewels still, I see; I, however, am searched and stripped; they have taken a hundred dollars—all I had in the world."

"Oh! Manuel—give them these rings—my watch—my bracelets; will they let us go for them? They may have them all if you can only make them understand. Ah! how fast they walk, the wretches—I am wearied out."

The Indians shook their heads with a grunt at Della's offer. Her plaintive voice touched the Dane's heart. He longed to fold her in his arms and bear her over the narrow path.

"It is of no use," he said, affecting a despairing tone—"these Indians are Caribs, and I do not know a word of their language. You saw just now that they would not answer even my signs."

"God help us, then—oh! my blindness! my rashness! perhaps I have sacrificed both our lives. Oh! my poor Manuel, forgive me that I did not listen to you."

The features of the Dane worked with some uncontrollable emotion as Della bowed her head, while tears fell down her cheeks like rain.

"Never mind, Della—don't worry yourself—no doubt it will all turn out for the best—these Caribs are avaricious fellows—wait till I have an opportunity—I will make them understand that they can have money for our ransom," said Manuel—"our absence will be soon noted by your father—he will use every means of pursuit. Ah! there are horses—for your sake I am glad."

"Oh! don't say that!" shrieked Della, "they are swift, and will only bear us faster away."

They had emerged from the forest into a beautiful plain, sprinkled with flowers as far as the eye could reach, and bordered, seemingly, by impervious forests. Della was quickly mounted, the savages never heeding her piercing cries, and on they flew like the wind, the horse's hoofs striking noiselessly upon the green carpet of moss, grass and flowers. Again they entered the woods, again emerged into a plain divided by a deep and swollen river. Here were two canoes in readiness, and Manuel recognized at once by the commotion of the near water at his feet, that they could not be far from the falls of the Essequibo, at all times dangerous, but now peculiarly so, from the fact that the river was much swollen, and the clouds seemed every moment on the point of discharging more rain. The air had suddenly become oppressive, and the sky was lowering. The Indians paused to consult together. They talked for some moments, while Della, grown more familiar with their savage faces, watched them as she stood drooping by the side of Manuel.

"Oh! what do you think they are talking about?" she cried, in low, hurried accents. "What frightful creatures they are! Will they cross this river, do you believe? Are there not falls over there? Hark! the roaring grows more distinct. Oh! Manuel, they will not surely place us in these fragile boats! it makes me shudder to look at them. See, the leaves of this bush are curling; there is going to be a fearful storm—for this is the pimtee-bush, Kian calls it, and the omen never fails. Oh! my father! my father!"

"Lean on me, Della," said Manuel, gently. "I wish my arms were only at liberty, I would support you, for you are weary. Have patience—have courage. They probably see the storm coming, and will not dare to cross here. (Perdition if they don't!") he muttered under his breath, then added aloud, "If they wait, who knows but our friends may have time to find us—(curses if they do!") he muttered between his teeth.

As the Dane was to act the part of the captive he could not speak to Wa-wa nosh, but he watched every motion of the savage, and gathered from his gestures that it was impossible to cross the river that now began to heave and swell from its centre shoreward, as the wind after an intense hush moaned in the distance.

"It will be a fearful storm, and we are unprotected," said Della, the tears gathering in her eyes as the strong blast came dashing the waves high upon the banks, throwing the water over their feet, and bending the trees like wythes.

Again the Indians beckoned. The horses were brought, Della and Manuel mounted, and turning they dashed along the edge of the river, changed their course by taking a road that appeared broken through bushes and stunted undergrowth, and led them among high precipitous rocks whose gaping fissures were deluged with falling water, and adorned with rank vines and flowers that crept about their edges. Here they found a shelter in a cave-like rock, where the dried moss formed comfortable seats, and had apparently been left there for that purpose by travellers, or by the Indians themselves.

The storm was now bursting in all its fury, but Della and Manuel were sheltered, and the savages had loosened the bandages from their hands. They could hear on all sides fearful sounds as if thousands of wild beasts were roaring in affright at the tempest. The rain dashed against their rocky enclosure, and the crash of falling trees announced that the storm was making awful havoc. Wa wa-nosh, with his three companions, were busily securing their horses at some little distance, untroubled by the fear that their captives would escape. Indeed it was doubtful if they cared to further the accomplishment of the purpose in hand, now that their covetousness was satisfied—the treacherous fellows had more than once meditated leaving the prisoners to their fate, as they did not want to make an enemy of the "big white man."

Manuel stole out to them, leaving Della under the pretence that perhaps he could discover some way of escape. He found Wa wa-nosh, who, with Indian stolidity, stood with folded arms under an overhanging rock.

"Look here, Wa-wa-nosh, how far are we from the Everglades?"

"Sixty miles," said the savage.

"Oh, no, impossible. Well, when are we going over this river?"

"No tell—river much swell," was the reply.

"To-morrow, perhaps?"

The Indian shook his head.

"He *must*, Wa-wa-nosh," exclaimed Manuel, heedless that the rain was wetting him to the skin, "they will pursue us—they will look for us at home."

"No help it," muttered the savage; "if Great Spirit give big rain, how Wa-wa-nosh going to help it?"

"Then all is lost," cried Manuel, striking the ground with his foot. "I will not lose her thus. Wa-wa-nosh, strike into the forest to-morrow, carry us a hundred miles, where no white man can find us."

"You give me hundred dollar agen?" asked the Indian, with a knowing look.

"Oh, curses! I gave you the hundred for the purpose of taking me off, a great ways; and now do you expect you have earned it by to-day's work! No—you must go; keep going. As soon as this storm is over, you must take us away, very far; do you understand?"

"Me understand," said the Indian, quietly.

"And will you do it?"

"Me do him; take Ingin, go off big way and find a place where nobody ever know. We come back, lead little squaw into wild woods; pale face become Injun, perhaps," he added, with a cunning smile.

"Yes, pale face become anything for her sake," replied Manuel, as he left Wa wa-nosh, and entered the cave, where Della, frightened at the storm outside, trembling at the solitude within, met him with outstretched hands.

"Thus it will be," he said, exultingly, to himself; "having no other object to love—in time, her heart will twine itself round me."

"My poor father," murmured Della, "what will he do when he finds we don't return? I am certain he will use every means in his power to find us. God be thanked, that we are detained by the storm! Perhaps if we had crossed that river"—she shuddered.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

☞ ABOUT FLOUNCES.—Some enterprising genius has been literally "picking the ladies to pieces." Not finding anything to amuse himself with, he has been making an abstract of the facts and figures connected with the latest Paris styles. In making a lady's dress, ornamented with fifteen flounces, the needle of the wearied seamstress must travel over the extent of nine hundred and twenty-seven feet. Twenty-three feet is a moderate computation for the waist, sleeves, &c., and we have a thousand for a dress, or five belles per mile! It sounds rather formidable, don't it? We suspect the wearers of these interminable flounces have no very distinct ideas of the amount of stitching they carry about in their rustling silks and floating tarlatans.

☞ An old negress, in Alabama, says she "don't know how old I is, but I cooked for de hands dat dug the Chatahoochee riber."

☞ Rice paper is not made from common rice, as is often supposed. It is manufactured from the pith of a plant of the bread fruit genus, brought from the western parts of China, chiefly to Canton, where the manufacture of this paper and painting designs upon it give employment to several thousand persons.

☞ Some years ago a party of Cambridge philosophers undertook, for a scientific object, to penetrate into the vasty depths of Wheal Fortune Mine. The venerable Professor Farrish, who made one of the number, used to relate with infinite gusto the following startling incident of his visit:—On his ascent in the ordinary manner, by means of a bucket, and with a miner for a fellow passenger, he perceived, as he thought, certain unmistakable symptoms of frailty in the rope. "How often do you change your ropes, my good man?" he inquired, when about half way from the bottom of the awful abyss. "We change them every three months, sir," replied the man in the bucket, "and we shall change this one to-morrow, *if we get up safe!*"

☞ There is a Rabbinical tradition that the throne of God is surrounded with the purest snow, out of which the angels fashion themselves the pure and ethereal bodies in which they are clothed when they visit the lower world.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Henry Peterson, Editor.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1860.

TERMS, PREMIUMS, &c.

The Terms of THE POST are $2 a year, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. ☞ The first year's subscription must always be paid IN ADVANCE. For $5, IN ADVANCE, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low Terms to Clubs:—

One Copy, and both Engravings of Niagara Falls,	$3,00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Arthur's Home Magazine,	2,00
One Copy of THE POST and one of Godey's Lady's Book,	3,50
Two Copies of THE POST,	3,00
Four " (and one engraving of Niagara Falls)	$5,00
Eight " (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	10,00
Thirteen (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	15,00
Twenty (and one paper to getter up of Club,)	20,00
Thirty (and one paper extra, and both engravings of Niagara Falls)	30,00

☞ Those who send clubs of *eight, thirteen,* or *twenty* names, can have either an extra paper, as mentioned above, or both the engravings of Niagara Falls, as they may prefer.

The NIAGARA FALLS ENGRAVINGS are large and handsome *steel* engravings—the same that are advertised by Mr. Butler in our advertising columns at five dollars for the pair. The postage will be prepaid on the engravings.

A Beautiful Premium also to Every Subscriber. "THE SPEAKING LIKENESS," a large and beautiful *steel* engraving, will be sent to EVERY subscriber to THE POST for 1860, who incloses us 25 cents.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to the subscription price of the paper, as we have to prepay the United States postage.

ADDITIONS TO CLUBS.—Any person having sent the money and names for a Club, may add new names to it at the same rate, provided the latter will allow their subscriptions to end at the same time those of the main list do. We will supply the back numbers if we have them. Our object is to have all the subscriptions in each Club end at the same time, and thus prevent confusion.

The money for Clubs must always be sent in advance. When the sum is large, a draft should be procured, if possible—the cost of which may be deducted from the amount. Address DEACON & PETERSON, No. 132 South Third St., Philadelphia.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

"DANESBURY HOUSE."

We have the pleasure of laying before our readers this week, the commencement of another fine story from Mrs. Wood, the author of "The Earl's Daughters," &c.

It is the story which recently took the Prize of one hundred pounds, offered by the Directors of the Scottish Temperance League. The Committee of Award was composed of the following gentlemen:—The Rev. J. Massan, Dundee, the Rev. N. L. Walker, Dysart, and the Rev. A. Hannay, Dundee—and their decision was unanimously in favor of Mrs. Wood's story.

If this prize effort of Mrs. Wood's were merely an ultra Temperance story, we might consider it perhaps rather out of place in THE POST. But it is not. It may be correctly called a temperate Temperance story—and a good deal besides. We must confess that we think a certain moral relative to ill-considered second marriages, is almost as prominent in the story as the Temperance moral. And the latter, which commended the story to the Scottish League, is so judiciously urged,—and the terrible evils of intemperate habits in man and woman so forcibly illustrated, and so gently and charitably dealt with—that we think the story will be warmly received even by such of our readers as feel no especial sympathy with the organized Temperance movements of the day.

As to the general power and interest of "DANESBURY HOUSE," it is enough to say to the readers of THE POST that it is worthy of their favorite author—while the gentle and loving spirit of the Christian lady irradiates even the gloom of the story, with the faith that overcomes the world, and the hope that survives beyond the tomb.

AARON BURR.

We have received the following from a correspondent, who signs himself "Justice":—

Mr. Editor:—In your paper of May 12th there is a piece communicated by a lady. It is headed "Aaron Burr," and has the following sentence in it:—"My father used to say that Burr's killing Hamilton was the least of his crimes." Now, Mr. Editor, there was no more sin on Burr's part, in this duel, than on Hamilton's; indeed it may fairly be said Hamilton's attacks on Burr, both in speaking and in writing, were of a nature that no man of proper spirit could avoid noticing. Burr had great, very great provocation, and any one may see, by reading the correspondence between them, that an opportunity was given to Hamilton for explanation.

Great as Burr's faults were, much injustice on many points has been done him. With regard to the deed which Hamilton's conduct certainly brought about, the entire odium, even in this, has fallen on Burr. Hamilton was a man of genius—but he was no Saint.

There is more of our correspondent's article, but the above is enough to show its tone and drift. In answer we may be allowed to say, that of all the cant of the day, we think the cant of justice to Burr, started by Mr. Parton in his recent biography, is about the most contemptible. If we cannot trust the verdict of a public man's contemporaries, including his own political party, upon his character as a moral and truthful man, what can we trust?

Hamilton "was no saint"—who ever contended that he was? But he did not make intrigue and seduction the *business* of his life—and *glory* in the number of women whom he had betrayed and ruined. His contemporaries did not censure Burr for not being a saint—but because he was a kind of Satan.

As to the duel between Hamilton and Burr, Hamilton was wrong only in allowing himself to be forced, from a false sentiment of honor, into a contest which his conscience and judgment disapproved. It was the great error of his life—and fatally he answered for it.

Burr was a public man, and, as such, his character for truth and honesty was fairly open to criticism. Hamilton, believing Burr to be a reckless and unscrupulous man, was bound to express his judgment to that effect to his friends; and was not the least culpable in doing so. Of course Hamilton, when interrogated by Burr, could not deny that he considered him a bad man; but, as the correspondence shows, he went as far to avoid a personal conflict, in the way of explanation, as he possibly could go, considering what he really believed Burr to be. Depend upon it, the "entire odium" of this duel which fell upon Burr, was simply owing to the fact that he deserved it all. For Hamilton, being a Federalist, was very unpopular with the Republican party of that day, and they would have divided the odium between the two if there had been fair grounds for it.

But Burr's conduct in relation to the Republican party, to which he belonged,—the great opposing party to the Federalists—was of itself sufficient to blacken his memory through all American history. As "Justice" ought to know, Mr. Jefferson was nominated by the Republican party for President, Mr. Burr for Vice President. By the Constitution, as it then stood, the person having the greatest number of electoral votes was to be President, the person having the next highest number, Vice President. By a mistake of the Republican electors, instead of sending on their list to the Senate with Burr's name one vote below that of Jefferson's, they gave the two an equal number of votes—thus compelling the House of Representatives to choose between the four candidates for President and Vice President, which should be the President.

Now what was the part of a decently honorable man in Burr's situation? Why, simply to inform the House of Representatives that as the whole difficulty resulted from an error, he must withdraw his name from before that body as a candidate for the Presidency. If he had done so, the House would at once have elected Mr. Jefferson President, while Burr, according to the Constitution, having then the highest number of votes, would have been Vice President, in conformity with the original intention of his party, and of those who voted for him.

But Burr did not do this. If he did not secretly intrigue with the Federalists, he allowed himself to be used by them as a candidate against Mr. Jefferson; and this unfair contest was so long protracted, as our readers know, that the very existence of the government was menaced. Supposing any candidate for the Vice Presidency now-a days, should take advantage of some error in the figures to thrust aside the candidate of his own party for the Presidency, and seek to assume his place, what would be thought of him? Why the howl of execration at such meanness, from both friend and foe, would appal him. And it would be political death to any party now-a-days, that should seek to avail itself of such contemptible treason.

Is not this one conspicuous fact of Aaron Burr's career, sufficient, of itself, for "Justice," or any other honorable man? Is it not enough that Burr was thus a traitor to his own friends, to warrant the universal odium in which he was and is held? We think so.

RAPID DECAY OF IRON.

The cast-iron pipes laid by the Water Companies in the streets of London, have been *decaying very* rapidly of late—strange as it may sound—changing into a soft and brittle substance like black lead. Pipes which ought to last nearly a century, now last, in certain situations, barely ten years, which adds, of course, greatly to the expenses of the companies in the first place, and the price of water in the second. As this rapid decay generally has taken place in situations where the iron pipes have been exposed to the leakage from adjacent gas pipes, the water companies naturally have accused the gas of working the mischief. To this the gas companies replied, very satisfactorily, as they thought, that their own pipes did not decay, and they were iron also.

In a recent report, however, made by Mr. Thomas Spencer, an eminent chemist, to the New River Water Company, it is shown, by a series of carefully-conducted experiments, that though coal-gas, when properly purified, has no direct effect upon iron, yet, when allowed to come into contact with sulphate of lime, (known, under the name of gypsum, as a constant component of the earth in the London streets,) sulphur is liberated in sufficient quantities to convert the iron into plumbago.

Mr. Spencer further states, that in Manchester the joints of the gas mains are made almost perfectly tight by the adoption of joints accurately ground together like the stopper in a glass bottle; and, by the general adoption of this plan in London, he believes that the destruction of the water-pipes would altogether cease as soon as the amount of gas at present existing in the soil had expended its powers.

We allude to this matter, because there is little doubt that there is no small escape of gas in the streets of our American cities—and, in sections where sulphate of lime abounds, the same rapid decay of the iron water pipes may take place as is experienced in London. We would also call the attention of the numerous gas companies to the new mode of joining the pipes, and thus saving gas, now practised at Manchester.

THANKS TO A RAILROAD OFFICER.—Some time since, the citizens of Chestnut Hill held a meeting and appointed Messrs. M. Russell Thayer and Charles Platt a committee to convey to H. K. Smith, Esq., superintendent of the Philadelphia, Germantown and Norristown Railroad, a resolution thanking him for the prompt and friendly manner in which he has exercised his influence to promote the wishes and convenience of the residents of Chestnut Hill, in the arrangement of the trains for the coming summer.

The public will be pleased to hear that the railroad above mentioned has got a superintendent. It was the general impression that the management of the road, except the taking of the fares, was left to Providence in a general way—for the business is managed as things left to Providence usually are. It would not take *two* men to convey to Mr. Smith all the "thanks" that could be raked up at Germantown.

PROGRESS OF THE AGE.—In the "first circles" no one speaks of perspiring any more; what was once called "sweating," and recently "perspiring," is now the "suffering a diminution of the tissues by evaporation."

DOLLIE DOTTON.—All ye who have not seen the Queen of the Fairies, do not forget this is her last week in this city.

THE LAST HUMBUG.

The only request yet understood to be made by the Japanese envoys is, that they should be spared the embraces of the Common Council of New York, whose reputation is well known in Japan.

The above proves the Japanese to be sensible men. Their high opinion of Philadelphia is also in their favor. And yet we think all this extra "fuss" that has been made with them is arrant nonsense.

Just to think of the Congress of the United States *adjourning* to witness the *landing* of a lot of semi-civilized Japanese! Could anything be less dignified, more ridiculous?

What's Japan to us, or we to the Japanese? Very little! The trade with Japan will not pay the expense of entertaining these ambassadors in twenty years. And what if it would? They will not trade, except they find it to their interest—they know enough for that—and they will trade, if they find it pays them so to do. They brought over some $80,000 to pay their own expenses—as the ambassadors of other nations pay theirs—but Congress chose to play the magnanimous, and the fool at the same time.

Well, there is no use in opposing a humbug while it is in full blast—rather cry "Go it," and let loose the purse-strings of the city and the nation. We only wish, though, that those who eat the good things had to pay for the dinners. But no matter, this humbug will soon be played out—and then we shall have another. Will not some one trot out a deputation from Siam, or the Cannibal Islands? For the latter we might kill a few of our leading politicians for an appropriate feed—which would be a good thing all round.

LIEUTENANT A. W. HABERSHAM.—Our old friend and "John Smith" correspondent, we see it stated, has resigned from the Navy, and is now living at Yokuhama, Japan; being engaged in mercantile business in partnership with Mr. Stearns, a gentleman from Hong Kong.

We wish the Lieutenant—we suppose "once a lieutenant, *always* a lieutenant"—all success in his mercantile pursuits. Uncle Sam loses an able officer and honest man—but then Commerce gains what the Navy loses. We give our right hand to Habersham, over half this contemptible little globe.

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL UNION.—At a recent meeting of the managers of this institution, Mr. Waldron J. Cheyney was reinstated in his old office of Treasurer, and Mr. John S. Hart elected Recording Secretary, in the place of Mr. F. A. Packard.

☞ We observe that the *N. Y. Atlas* copies the story of "HAUNTED, OR THE THIRD WIFE," from our columns without credit. Will the *Atlas* please "make its acknowledgments" for some ten columns of excellent reading matter?

THE ORGANS OF MASTICATION.

PREPARED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY DR. JESSE W. CORNELIUS.

The teeth, the prime organs of mastication, are the hardest portions of the body. They occupy the alveolar cavities of both the upper and lower jaw. A tooth is composed of four distinct substances. 1st. The pulp, occupying the chamber in the crown and canal extending through the root; 2d. The dentine, which constitutes the principal part of the organ; 3d. The enamel, which forms the covering of and protection of the crown; 4th. The cementum, which covers the root. The teeth of first dentition, termed the milk or temporary, are designed merely to supply the wants of childhood. They are twenty in number, ten in each jaw, namely: four incisors, two cuspidati, and four molars. These are replaced with a larger and more numerous set, called permanent. These teeth are intended to continue through life. There are thirty-two teeth in the permanent set, being an increase of twelve over the temporary teeth. There are sixteen to each jaw; four incisors, two cuspids, four bicuspids. Six molars to each jaw. The last molar is called the Wisdom tooth, and generally appears between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five. The anatomical divisions of a tooth are: 1st. The crown, or exposed part, situated above the gum; 2d. The root, occupying the alveolar cavity, or socket; 3d. The neck, which is the constricted part between the crown and root. The pulp is enclosed in the centre of the tooth, and is the first developed part of the organ, and the part from which the dentine is formed. It is an exquisitely sensitive, highly vascular and nervous substance, and is of a reddish gray color. The dentine is a very hard, dense substance, constituting the inner and large portion of the crown and nearly the whole of the root of the tooth. It consists of earthy salts and animal matter. Dentine is harder than bone or cementum, but less dense than enamel. The enamel covers the crown, and extends to the neck of the tooth. It is the hardest of all animal substances; it is pearly white, or slightly tinged with yellow, according to the texture of the tooth; it is harder on some teeth than on others. The cementum covers the root, commencing where the enamel terminates, and gradually increases in thickness to its apex. On the permanent teeth the cement is much thicker than on the temporary, and it is thicker on the teeth of old persons than of the young. The teeth are confined in their sockets by a union called Gomphosis, from the resemblance of this kind of articulation to the way in which a nail is received into a board. There are few operations in surgery that excite stronger feelings of dread than the extraction of a tooth; yet when the operation is performed by a skillful hand, and suitable instrument, the operation is always safe, and may be effected with ease.

Cedarville, Illinois.

☞ A DISAPPOINTED TRAVELLER.—An American traveller in Italy, stopping at Genoa, very naturally visited the house where Columbus was born. In writing home, he regretted that he did not see that illustrious personage, as he wished to thank him for discovering the fine country of which he had the honor to be a citizen.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PARIS, April 25, 1860.

The magnificent hotel erected in the Champs Elysees, a few years since, by the Spanish Duke d'Alba, husband of the sister of the Empress Eugenie, contains some of the finest reception-rooms in Paris; and as Masked and Fancy Balls are still the rage here, the Empress—whose love of brilliant shows amounts almost to a mania, determined, a few weeks ago, to give an entertainment of that kind in her sister's unoccupied palace. The death of the Grand Duchess of Baden, and one or two other short Court-mournings, compelled her to postpone the project, and it was accordingly deferred until the night before last, when it came off with the utmost *eclat*, having really been one of the most superb, as well as the most admirably organized *fetes* ever yet beheld out of the enchanted pages of the Arabian Nights.

Prince Napoleon and Princess Clotilda gave a very beautiful *fete* a couple of months ago, at their Herculanean villa, in the Avenue Montaigne, a gem of a palace, imitated with the most literal fidelity from one of the most beautiful buildings now rescued from the tomb of lava in which the two famous towns of Naples have been buried so long. Among other features of the *fete* was the representation of an ancient play; the play-bills, which were printed on white satin in letters of gold, were headed

"RE-OPENING OF THE THEATRE OF HERCULANEUM, AFTER A SUSPENSION OF 800 YEARS!"

The play was acted by the first theatrical performers of Paris, the decorations and dress being magnificent. The whole affair was very brilliant, and was considered as the most successful entertainment of the season. But the Empress's *fete* at the Hotel d'Alba has effectually "taken the shine out" of even that classical show-off.

Of course all those who could hope for invitations had been in a state of great excitement for the last few weeks. The grand affair of the costumes has kept Parisian tradespeople busy all that time, and a few of the articles bespoken for the occasion, and exposed for a few hours in the shop-windows, have been duly stared at by the loungers, whose fortunes would not take them otherwise into the precincts of the *fete*.

The Count Tascher de la Pagerie, Intendant of the Empress's household, with his wife, were deputed by her Majesty to do the honors of the occasion, and they appear to have discharged the flattering but somewhat onerous duties of this delegation to the admiration of all concerned. The guests began to arrive about nine o'clock, and before ten the rooms—superbly decorated and lighted—were filled. The Emperor made his appearance, wearing only a black domino, about eleven; and the Empress, also wearing a domino, arrived soon after, attended by Prince de Metternich, the new Austrian Ambassador. It had been universally understood that the fair Eugenie would appear as the Huntress Diana; and much irreverent joking had been indulged in by the "public" as to the *probable length of* the goddess's tunic. *Her Majesty, however,* were only an elegant evening dress, and did not even remove her domino during the short time she remained. The Emperor kept his on also, even at supper, only exchanging the black one for a blue one, which must have presented an appearance anything than *Imperial*. It is said that the Empress is far from well, which is scarcely to be wondered at, seeing that when quite a girl she adopted the monstrous habit of wearing a corset at night, and literally never sleeps without this most unhealthy appendage! This fact I have learned from her stay-maker, a grand lady of the Rue de la Paix, who hardly cares to give herself the trouble to make a corset for anything less exalted than a *Marquise* or a *Countess*, and who, a few days ago, proudly described the *chef d'oeuvres* of "night-corsets" she supplies to her Majesty, which she declares to be "no thicker than a cherry-skin, or a sheet of paper."

The dresses of the guests appear by all accounts to have been something stupendous. Princess Clotilda wore an exquisite costume of a Shepherdess, of the time of Louis XV., while Princess Mathilde—renowned equally for her beauty (now somewhat on the wane), her good humor, and her utter absence of all pretension to delicacy, or even modesty, astounded even the very liberal-minded Parisians by appearing in the very picturesque attire of a North American squaw, composed principally of a few feathers, and her own fair skin, painted for the nonce of a dark copper-color, apologies for drapery of any other kind being both exceedingly slight in the way of superficies, and so slightly put together that they seemed to be in imminent danger of deserting the person of their wearer altogether.

Conspicuous among the really beautiful costumes, were the fair dames who had previously concerted the three quadrilles which proved to be the most attractive feature of the evening; all the dancers in the third being ladies, the most beautiful of the present Court. In the first of these were represented the personages who figure in the immortal history of "Puss in Boots;" the second was composed of the favorite personages of the Italian Carnival, to wit, Punchinello, Harlequin, and the rest of their companions; the third in which the Four Elements were personified, was pronounced by all who saw it to be the most lovely spectacle that was ever presented in any ball-room. The Countess Walewski represented Water; she was dressed in long, flowing, transparent drapery of gauze, a coronet of diamonds on her head, surmounted by a conque shell, made up of diamonds and opals, and behind, drooping over her shoulders from her back hair, were long sprays of marine plants formed of emeralds and diamonds. Countess de Morny, (daughter of the late Emperor of Russia,) personified Air. She wore a head-dress of diamonds, with wings at the sides, her hair powdered with silver, and a pair of exquisitely-contrived silver wings, thickly set with turquoises, on her shoulders; her blue satin shoes were also surmounted with a pair of little silver wings, also set with turquoises. Earth was represented by Princess Swinkowska, whose head-dress was a crenelated tower in gold, ornamented on one side with a cornucopia, from which fell fruit and flowers, all formed of the most magnificent jewels. Princess Czartoriska, daughter of Queen Christina, represented Fire; she wore a diadem of flames of gold, set with rubies, her hair being powdered with gold, and flames of the same metal being intermingled with her hair; her shoes were of cloth of gold, with golden wings set with rubies. Countess de Persigny, Mme. Nierabitowska, Mlle. Sivewiboft, Princess de Metternich, Countess de Labedoyere, and others, figured in these quadrilles. The Elemental one was composed entirely of ladies, four for each element, each four being dressed alike, except that the display of jewels was more brilliant with some than with others. Such was the beauty of the dancers, and the magnificence of their costume, that a universal request was made for a repetition of the dance; a request which was of course acceded to.

At two o'clock, the curtain which hung between the pillars of the garden corridor was raised, and a magnificent sight was seen—a sort of fairy picture almost dazzled the eyes of the beholders. The corridor, with long galleries put up for the occasion, was converted into a banqueting-hall, decorated with such art to represent a landscape that it was difficult not to believe it real, melting away into a lovely Arcadian plain, bounded by distant hills. In the foreground was a fountain of real water, on which an electric light was thrown so skillfully as to give to the showers of spray, as they rose and fell, the appearance of frosted silver, the effect of which all present declare to have been marvellously beautiful. The centre of this hall was reached by two wide stair-cases; and twenty tables, loaded with the most sumptuous viands in plate and crystal, were laid out therein. In order that this supper might be enjoyed without the presence of lacqueys, the sole attendants, as I learn from one of the guests, were a body of youthful pages, the sons of the guests, attired in the costume of royal pages of the 16th century, moving masses of silk, lace, and velvet. A band of musicians, also gorgeously attired, played during the supper.

The Emperor, still masked, sat down at one of the tables, with eight of the court-ladies near him. As soon as one set had supped, another took their places, until all had appeased the "cravings of nature." After supper, the dancing was renewed, and the guests did not retire until six o'clock in the morning. Both the Imperial giver of the fete, and her guests, seem to have been utterly regardless of expense; the ornamentation of the rooms, the supper, &c., cost not much less than half a million of francs, while the display of diamonds and other jewels is said to have been something wonderful, and the dresses—excessively costly—were got up with the utmost fidelity and entire oblivion of cost. The whole city was ransacked for the turquoises and rubies that figured in the elemental quadrille, the ladies who wore them having bought, begged, and borrowed in every direction, the stock to be found among the jewelers being inadequate to this extensive demand. Among the most *splendid and correct of the male costumes figured those of three English officers*—Captain Lumley as Earl of Essex; Colonel Barnaby as Gustavus Adolphus; and Captain Maxse as Francis I!

A wonderful acoustic telegraph, by means of which the possibility of causing music, speech, or any other sound, produced at a given spot, to be heard at any other point of the earth's surface to which the telegraphic wires can be carried, has just been brought before the Academy of Sciences by the Abbe Laborde. One can hardly help wishing that some equally ingenious telescopic contrivance could enable all who care for brilliant spectacles, all the world over, to have taken a glimpse of the splendors of the gay *fete* in question, as, by this new acoustic contrivance, it really seems possible that the whole population of the earth might be enabled—by grouping themselves in the Music-Hall of each town or village (of the Future!) to hear a concert performed at Paris, London, or at any other point of the indefinite number of centres from which the electric wires shall run out.

But all this is more probably to be realized by our "great-grand-nephews," as the French say, than by ourselves; but how, after recounting the splendor of the Empress's *fete*, can my goose-quill condescend to rein in its flight, and come down to the topics of the everyday present? Luckily for the said goose-quill, a story has just been put forth gravely in the "Memoirs taken from the Archives of the Police," by M. Peuchet, so romantically horrible as to be not uninteresting, even after the romantically magnificent details of the grand doings and seeings at the Hotel d'Albe.

A HORRIBLE STORY.

It seems to be fully substantiated, then, that when M. de la Reynie was Lieutenant of Police under Louis XIV., a great sensation was caused at Paris by the disappearance of not fewer than twenty-six young men, from seventeen to twenty-five years of age, belonging to noble or wealthy families. A report got spread among the people that they had been decoyed and killed by a foreign Princess, in order that she might take baths of their blood to cure her of a liver complaint.

The King at length reproached M. de la Reynie, and insisted on the affair being cleared up. De la Reynie consulted M. Lecoq, one of his chief agents, and the latter at once suspected that a woman must be at the bottom of it. He therefore employed an illegitimate son of his, called Exupere, to help him to obtain a clue to the mystery. Exupere, who was remarkably handsome, was directed to dress himself splendidly, to assume all the airs of a young nobleman, and to spend his time in the public gardens, the Boulevards, and the Rue de la Paix, and wait for farther developments. One day, while thus loitering through the fashionable promenades, he saw a woman of marvellous beauty, richly dressed, attended by an old woman. Gazing on the beauty with admiration, the young man soon saw that the fair stranger was not loath to make acquaintance with him; and before long the attendant accosted him, told him that her mistress was a Polish Princess, named Jabironska, that she was immensely rich, and that, as she was much struck by his appearance, she would perhaps allow him to visit her. The young man pretended to have conceived a violent passion for the Princess; and after some conversation, the attendant told him that if he would be in front of the church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois that night at nine o'clock, she would meet him, and take him to her mistress.

The young man went to his father and told him of the adventure. The latter caused several of his men to be placed near the Church, so as to keep Exupere in view, and be at hand in case he ran into any danger. Thus protected, the young man waited for the old woman, who appeared, punctual to the hour, and wanted to bandage his eyes, which he refused to allow her to do. She then led him through several obscure streets, till they entered the Rue des Orfevres, where she introduced him into a small house near the Chapel of St. Uiot. After walking along a dark corridor, the young man was introduced into a sumptuously furnished apartment, where he found the beautiful stranger, who received him with so many blandishments that he quite forgot to give the signal agreed on to Lecoq, who was waiting outside with his men. Presently, however, the lady retired, and the young man, proceeding to examine the room, found, behind a screen, a glass case, in which were twenty-six men's heads, each placed in a silver dish, and so skillfully embalmed that they retained the appearance of life. He started back with horror; but at the same moment a whistle, Lecoq's signal, was heard outside, and in a few seconds the windows were forced open, and that officer and his men, who had ascended by ladders, jumped into the room. The pretended Princess, hearing the noise, rushed into the room, followed by four ferocious-looking bandits, but the police were strong enough to arrest all the five. The men were condemned to death, and executed. The woman turned out to be, not a Pole, but an Englishwoman, who had enticed the young men to her house, and had them robbed and murdered there. She was condemned to death, but escaped in a strange way.

The King having spoken of the affair to his brother, to the Chevalier de Lorraine, and to some other high personages, the Chevalier suggested to the Prince that it would be amusing to sup with so singular a criminal. "Monsieur," as he was called, at first refused, but at last consented. By means of a blank *lettre de cachet*, he caused her to be given up to some persons sent by him, on the pretext that she was to be conducted to another prison, and he then had her conveyed to a country house of his, where he, the Chevalier, and M. d'Uffat were waiting to receive her. The whole four supped together, and Monsieur, who had seen enough of her, suggested that she ought to be sent back to the Bastille; but his companions insisted that she should be conveyed either to London or Brussels, and there set at liberty. The good-natured Prince consented, and went away. The two nobles passed the night in an orgie with the woman, telling her they would convey her out of the country next day; but she preferred to save herself rather than to trust to them, and having plied them with drink until they were overcome, she locked them into the room, slipped out of the house, and was never seen again. The Governor of the Bastille, on learning that she had been taken out of his custody by a trick of the King's brother, and fearing to let this fact be known, thought it most prudent to pretend that she was dead, and he had a *proces-verbal* drawn up to that effect, and entered on the register of the Bastille.

This horrible story, which appears to be perfectly historical, has just been converted into a drama; and in this form, with the heroine of the story a good deal whitewashed, and a few gratuitous touches of additional horror skillfully thrown in, is drawing crowds of delighted spectators.

QUANTUM.

A new song should be sweetly sung,
It goes but to the ear;
A new song should be sweetly sung,
For it touches no one near.
But an old song may be roughly sung,
The ear forgets its art,
An comes upon the rudest tongue
The tribute to the heart.

A new song should be sweetly sung,
For memory gilds it not,
It brings not back the strain that rung
Through childhood's sunny cot;
But an old song may be roughly sung,
It tells of days of glee,
When the boy to his mother clung,
Or danced on his father's knee.

☞ Never purchase a parrot without taking it a month upon trial. There is no knowing where the bird may have been brought up, and it sounds bad for the parrot of a "pious family" to be heard swearing.

☞ Capital to the amount of more than $2,000,000 is now locked up in steamers on the northern lakes, mostly thrown out of employment by the completion of railroads.

☞ WHY NOT?—A mother writes us that her little girl, seeing her father tap maple trees, asked—"Why not tap the apple trees to get cider?" That would only be acting like a great many people who, in their haste to arrive at coveted results, are perpetually attempting to anticipate the processes of Nature.

☞ BE CANDID.—We detest sweeping assertions, which are generally unjust. A recent French writer asserts that the city of London is enveloped in fog the whole year round. This is absurd. It is only foggy there six months—the rest of the year it rains.—*Exchange.*

☞ FOUR GOOD POINTS IN WOMEN.—A Chinese maxim says:—"We require four things of woman; that virtue dwell in her heart—that modesty play on her brow—that sweetness flow from her lips—that industry occupy her hand."

☞ The blue flame, sometimes observed at the tops of the funnels of steam vessels, does not extend down the funnel. It is caused by the combustion of carbonic oxyd, which can only burn by meeting fresh air at the top of the funnel, the mixture igniting at a comparatively low temperature.

☞ It is not always the most ragged man that is the most shabby fellow.

THE SISTERS.

Two sisters sit by the embers,
Watching the fire burn low
It is of me they are thinking
In their hearts, I know.

And scarce a word is spoken,
As side by side they sit;
And if they speak, there is little
Of what they think in it.

For they love me, both, past telling;
And that they think upon.
Pity they both should love me,
Who can love but one.

Love is a blessing, surely;
It should make us glad:
Pity, with so much loving,
Three should be so sad.

The little heart is breaking
To lean upon my breast:
She is but a child, the youngest:
I love the eldest best.

But if she love me strongly,
She cannot bear to see
The life of her sweet sister
Pining away for me.

She, with her noble nature—
Ever in fear am I
Lest she should forsake me,
That the other may not die.

None can love like we do:
Gladness were most fit;
But ever so little gladness
We win out of it.

For I cannot speak of loving,
Or look her in the face,
Lest I should cause heart-sorrow
In the fireside place.

And if the child die sudden,
And only leave us two;
And learn to love in Heaven
As the angels do—

Sicken and die quite sudden,
And lie in winding-sheet;
And I to the grave, chief-mourner,
Carry the cold corpse-feet—

How should I make the living
Ever be comforted,
If for her the sister
Lie with homeless head?

Never the light shine on me
If I know what to do.
This is a sad affair, love;
Gold help me and you!

—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.*

☞ Our boarding-house lady's daughter teaches the youth of our public primary, and is the oracle of our establishment on all knotty questions. "What does the 'Octoroon' mean?" queried a verdant boarder. Anna was about in an instant, and after stretching her forehead, answered: "Octo—eight; roon—niggers; eight niggers. My good gracious, what a name for a play!"

☞ Lunatics live proberbially to a good old age, and one of the proverbs, upon which the fact is founded, is, we suppose, the old household truism, that "*Cracked* vessels last the longest."

☞ *There are refined kinds of sentiments* as there are of sugar; man, for instance, takes his in the lump—hard, though easily melted with a tear; but with a woman it is always moist.

☞ *To any one who has lived* in city to a very advanced age, a thoughtful walk through its streets is like a walk in a cemetery.

☞ A modern philosopher gives several potent reasons why a man should never marry for money, but an old epigrammatist views the case very pleasantly on the other side:

"Whenever you marry," Croesus said,
"Take a rich widow, or rich maid,
For any wife may turn out ill,
But gad! the money never will."

☞ MOTTO FOR A "KISS."—Go it, my two lips.

☞ To prevent the smell of cooking in a house, have nothing for breakfast, and warm it over for dinner and supper.

☞ A witty young rascal, passing through the town of ——, in Alabama, not long since, wanted some whiskey, and knowing it could only be obtained by a physician, wrote himself an order, signing it with his own name, to which a learned M. D. was attached. He presented it at the drug-store of a gentleman, who, though unrecognized by him, proved to be an old acquaintance. "Hallo, Frank," said he, "when did *you* get to be a doctor?" "I'm not a doctor." "Why, what's this M. D. to your name for, then?" Frank saw he was caught; but, determining to make the best of it, put on a very innocent look, and meekly answered—"Oh, that's for *Mighty Dry!*" Of course he got the whiskey.

☞ A wise man will desire no more than he may get justly, use soberly, distribute cheerfully, and leave contentedly.

☞ The brain is the twenty-eighth of the human body, but in a horse but the four-hundredth.

☞ A splendid ear but a very poor voice, as the organ-grinder said of the donkey.

☞ SATISFACTION.—An English missionary, in Sumatra, wrote home that he had "the melancholy satisfaction of examining the oven in which his predecessor was baked."

☞ A day or two since a man rushed frantically down to one of the wharves in New Bedford, pulled off his coat, and was about to commit suicide by drowning, but noticing a person near by who was a most notorious thief, drowning was postponed for fear the coat would be stolen.

☞ A coroner in Quebec, after empannelling his jury, said: "Now, gentlemen, you are to determine whether the deceased came to his death by accident or incident, or by the hand of the incendiary." The verdict was that the deceased came to his death "by accident in the shape of a bowie-knife."

☞ Red haired men ought to make the best troops, because they always carry their fire-locks on their shoulders.

☞ Vice and folly may feel the edge of wit, but virtue is invulnerable; aquafortis dissolves the base metals, but has no power to dissolve or corrode gold.

THE TURKISH AIR BATH.

FROM THE "LONDON FIELD."

Every one who has had to do with the bringing either man or horse into perfect condition knows that the critical part of the process is so to apportion the sweats that the fat and soft substances may be removed, and yet that the stamina of the patient may not be unduly taxed or over-fatigued by the means adopted to produce the perspiration. This result has at last been obtained by the reintroduction to this country of the method which was in practice amongst the *athletæ* of Greece and Rome, which is still used by North American Indians, which is a household institution to this day among Eastern nations, and which eighteen hundred years ago was perfectly familiar to the inhabitants of Britain, as the remains of Roman baths clearly demonstrate. The leading points of the process may be stated as follows:

1st. That by the application of hot, dry air the man or horse is sweated without the incumbrance of heavy extra clothing.

2d. That he is thus sweated while at rest, and that therefore the danger attending an over-action of the heart is avoided.

3d. That he is sweated whilst naked, and that therefore by the admission of air to the pores he is cleansing the system from within, and also engaged in purifying the blood from without.

A word or two descriptive of these baths will not be thrown away before giving the physiological *rationale* of their use.

In 1856, Mr. David Urquhart, formerly secretary of embassy at Constantinople, and M. P. for Stafford, (a gentleman who is known to be the greatest living authority on the manners and habits of the East,) happened to be staying at the water-cure establishment of Dr. Barter, near Cork. He convinced that gentleman of the superiority of the Eastern bath as a means of medical treatment over the process of Vincent Preissnitz—the end in both cases being the same, namely, the relief of the system to be obtained by profuse perspiration. But the cold water applications throw the heavy labor of reaction on strnctures diseased or weakened, whilst the direct application of heat relieve the patient at once and without undue effort; and at Dr. Barter's request Mr. Urquhart gave the design and superintended the construction of a bath as at present in use in Turkey.

This bath consists of four rooms—the *Vestiarium*, *Tepidarium*, *Sudatorium*, and *Frigidarium* of the Romans; or dressing-room, warm-room, hot-room, and cooling-room. In the first the visitor is entirely undressed; then, girt with a towel about the loins, he is conducted into a small chamber, heated to about 100° Fahrenheit, where he remains until the skin is in a warm glow and a gentle moisture appears on it. He then passes into a larger room, with flues passing under the floor and round the walls, and connected with a central stove without the apartment, here heated to a degree usually about 140° Fahrenheit, but higher in case of necessity. In this chamber the moisture on his skin soon increases to a stream, gushing through the eight millions of pores and the *twenty-five miles* of capillary tubes which Dr. Erasmus Wilson informs us our bodies are encompassed with, washing away *every impurity*, and fitting these tubes and pores for the subsequent reception of oxygen in the cooling-room. The bather passes into that chamber, after having had his body manipulated by an attendant, so as to remove that effete dead skin which forms daily on the body of every one of us, and after having gradually dried his limbs and stopped the perspiration in the warm-room. In the cooling-room (which is open to every breath of air, no matter what the season) every pore is doing its office—that of diminishing the labor of the lungs. The oxygen of the atmospheric air, which is the vitalizing element of life, and which is ordinarily excluded by our clothes, is entering every tube and pore in the frame; while the whole body is in a genial glow, and, equally removed from languor and excitement, is enjoying the highest pleasure the human frame can know—the sense of perfect health.

In 1857, Mr. Urquhart constructed a small bath of a similar kind in Manchester, where two or three public ones have since been opened. Bradford, Leeds, Keighley, Sheffield, Huddersfield, Macclesfield, and many other towns in the North of England, followed the lead, the baths being in most instances undertaken by working men at their own expense, and all turning out to be most profitable speculations. Several others were also opened in different parts of Ireland, and the directors of the infirmary of Newcastle-on-Tyne added one to their establishment with the best possible results, as the report of their house surgeon has shown. Till very recently there has been only one public bath of this kind in London, erected by Mr. Evans, in Bell street, Edgeware-road, although the name of Turkish Bath was assumed as a catchpenny title by the proprietors of many of the old-fashioned hot-water baths. Very recently Messrs. Prince, of the Racket Club, in Hans-place, have opened a very handsome and commodious one in connection with the club, realizing the Roman process of a gymnasium, or *philisterium*, in conjunction with the bath.

The pugilists and pedestrians in the North of England have not been slow to avail themselves of this unfatiguing yet effective mode of training. The bath at Sheffield is scarcely ever without some or other of those gentlemen whose challenges and engagements are recorded in the pages of one of our Sunday contemporaries, while a medical gentleman in the South of Ireland has realized a handsome sum by constructing a loose box for horses, heated on the same principle, and by buying up unsound horses and selling them at a good profit when cured by this sweating system.

We are acquainted with a gentleman who adopted the same system with his hunters at the commencement of the past season, at Brackley, in Northamptonshire, and he informed us that nothing could exceed either the enjoyment of the animal, or the rapid improvement of condition *and wind*, obtained without the necessity of pounding the legs under heavy "sweaters."

We have sometimes reproached ourselves for not before adverting to this very important subject, which has strangely been neglected by the press. We shall again return to the physiological points of it, and shall be happy to answer any inquiries on the subject. Meantime we are happy to inform our London readers that they will shortly be able to judge for themselves, as a Turkish bath, on a new and extended scale, is in course of construction in Palace street, Pimlico.

HOW THE JAPANESE MANAGE A CABINET DIFFICULTY.

Laurence Oliphant's "Narrative of Lord Elgin's Mission to China and Japan, in 1857—8—9," shows how the monarch and his Council of State comport themselves in the event of any little political disagreement, such as here or in England would be a "dissolution of the Cabinet:"

"There is a body of men who possess great influence in the State; these are the princes of the blood. Should the Tycoon and his council differ upon any weighty matter of State Government, the question is referred for arbitration to a tribunal composed of three of these royal princes. Should they confirm the opinion of the Council, the Tycoon, to whom is denied the privilege of hara-kari, or the 'happy dispatch,' has no alternative but to abdicate incontinently in favor of his nearest heir. Should, on the other hand, the umpires agree with their royal relative, which in all probability they do, unless public opinion is too strong against them, than the whole of the council are bound, without farther ceremony, at once to dispatch themselves, in the happy manner peculiar to Japan, to those Elysian fields where they will probably become distinguished as canonized kamis, and the patron saints of many a Japanese household.—This notorious method of suicide, the only Japanese custom with which the western world has long been familiar, has of late years assumed a somewhat modified form, and no longer consists in that unpleasant process of abdomen-ripping, which must have been almost as disagreeable an operation to witness as to perform. My friend Higno-no-kami presented me with a knife proper to be used under the old system—an exceedingly business-like weapon, about ten inches long, sharp as a razor, and made of steel of the highest temper. Now this knife is only used to make a slight incision, insignificant of the intention of the victim to put an end to himself. He has collected his wife and family to see how a hero can die; his dearest friend, he who in our own country would have been his best man at his wedding, stands over him with a drawn sword, and when he commences to make the aforesaid incision, the sword descends, and the head rolls at the feet of his disconsolate family."

THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE.

Only twenty years ago last November, Louis Napoleon left the St. Charles Hotel without paying his board bill. In the New Orleans Bee of November 20th, 1839, appeared the following account of the "noble Count's" departure from that city:

Count Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, whose arrival in this city was announced in several of the papers, has left New Orleans in high dudgeon, and for just reason. He was yesterday morning informed by the proprietors of the St. Charles Hotel, that it was customary for gentlemen travelling without baggage, (the Count was splendidly provided in that way for a man of his titular dimensions,) to pay for their board in advance, whereupon the following dialogue transpired:

Count—"My *name* is a sufficient guarantee for my bill."

Publican—"Your name, Count, is a very good name, but won't buy marketing."

Count—"Make out my bill."

Publican—"It shall be done."

The clerk thereupon presented the bill, made out in the name of the Count L. N. Bonaparte.

"My name," said the Count, "is Louis Napoleon Bonaparte—I wish it so stated in full in the account."

A second bill was made out, and the entire name written out in fair, legible letters.

"My name is Count Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, Prince of Segoria, Kamschatka, and other dependencies—say so in the bill," responded the sprig of nobility.

"I will not make out a third bill," said the clerk.

"Then I'll be d——d if I pay it," said his excellency, and forthwith absquatulated.

EFFECTS OF CHICORY UPON THE EYES.—It has been observed in Vienna, that those employed in chicory-grinding are much troubled with affections of the eyes; and J. W. Slater, in a lecture delivered at the Mechanic's Institution, Sheffield, has stated that a young man of that town, by trade a coffee-roaster, was in the habit of reading for two hours at night, after concluding his work. Whenever he has been roasting chicory he finds himself unable to read—not from an outward irritation of the eye, but, as he phrases it, from a feeling of "deadness" in that organ. All this serves to prove that chicory has a specifically injurious effect upon the optic nerve.

☞ The richest endowments of the mind are temperance, prudence, and fortitude. Prudence is a universal virtue, which enters into the composition of all the rest; and where she is not, fortitude loses its name and nature.

☞ Have you ever seen a drunken man trying to make believe that he is sober? How ridiculous the spectacle! And yet more ridiculous still is the attempt of an ignorant and ill-bred person to appear very wise and refined in society.

☞ One ought to have dates at one's finger ends, seeing they grow upon the palm.

☞ A SLIGHT MISTAKE.—Mr. Harris resides in Fourth street, New York. His wife, who is an economical body, had sent a costly silk gown to a French dyer. The dyer himself brought the dress home, and unluckily, as it happened, met the husband of the lady at the door. "Is madam within?" asked the Frenchman. The husband, who is of a jealous disposition, replied: "And suppose she is, what do you want with her?" "I'm dyeing for her, sare." "You dying for my wife! Get out of my house, you scoundrel!" and he had just raised his foot to kick the honest artisan into the street, as the lady made her appearance and set the matter to rights.

☞ A gentleman who spoke of having been *struck* by a lady's beauty, was advised to kiss the rod.

DEAD.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY ANNA L. G——.

I stood with a smile upon my lip,
And a jest upon my tongue,
And loudly many an answering voice
In silvery laughter rung.
And eyes were bright, and hearts were light,
Within that stately hall,
And I was the gayest of the gay,
The happiest of them all!

When suddenly, 'mid the laugh, the jest,
And the music's rising swell,
A sentence broke upon my ear
Like a solemn funeral knell.
My heart grew still with a sudden shock,
And a terrible fear and dread
Came over me,—for some one's lips
Were whispering "*He is dead.*"

And I listened with dilated eyes
Till I heard another say,
"*He died on the deck of a homeward bound,*
At the close of a summer day,
And, pressed to his dying lips, he held
A tress of nut-brown hair"—
Then came a stir, and a stifled cry,
"She is fainting' Give her air!"

And some one caught my sinking form,
And some one held my head,
And some, in terror-stricken tones,
Were murmuring, "She is dead!"
For I lay like one in breathless trance—
But at that my spirit cried
Wildly, "Oh, God! if it *were* but so'
If only I had died!"

Into my mortal frame the life
Ebbed slowly back again,
And I crushed with a mighty grasp and throe,
The terrible cry of pain
That rose to my lips as memory woke,
And I knew that ever more
My heart lay under the cruel waves,
A thousand miles from shore!

I stilled my nerves with an iron will,
And my step was firm and light,
"And never," they murmured, "has she been
As merry as to-night!"
In the song, the laugh and the joyous dance,
Full well I played my part—
But I *felt* the chill of the heavy waves
That lay above my heart!

THE QUAKER PARTISANS.

A STORY OF THE REVOLUTION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE SCOUT."

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXII.

The door remained opened, no one, in the general consternation caused by this announcement, having thought of shutting it, and the four soldiers stood abreast, between it and the two Rangers, with muskets presented and fixed bayonets.

"You had better surrender quietly, gentlemen; resistance will only involve bloodshed, which I would much rather spare these ladies the sight of."

Clayton had calmly folded his arms, while the other was speaking, and stood, with Mary close beside him, looking him straight in the eyes, with perfect calmness and self-possession.

The last word was on the officer's lips, when Harry, suddenly, without the slightest warning, sprang, with a leap like a panther's, right over the bayonet of one of the soldiers, driving his heels against the fellow's breast with tremendous force and felling him like an ox, and was through the door and into the street before the others fully comprehended what had happened.

The officer uttered a sudden exclamation, rather more terse and emphatic than he was in the habit of using before ladies, while his men, recovering from their momentary astonishment, rushed through the door without waiting for orders in the blind instinct of pursuit.

At the same instant, while the officer's attention was diverted, Clayton drew a pistol from his bosom, cocked it, and laying his hand with a quiet, but firm gripe upon the officer's shoulder, held the muzzle within an inch of his face, and said, in that calm, grave tone of his that nothing ever disturbed,

"Thee labors under a mistake in calling me thy prisoner; I have no intention of being any one's prisoner; I don't wish to have bloodshed here any more than thee does, and thee will therefore see the wisdom of requiring thy men to behave civilly, and molest no one here. Leave thy sword where it is," he added, as the officer made an attempt to seize the handle, "if thee attempts to draw it or move away, or if thy men"—who had now returned—"come beyond the door, thee will be carried home. Order them to halt."

The officer did so, perforce, and the men stopped just within the door, while Clayton went on in the same cool, unimpassioned tone.

"Did thee suppose I was weak enough to thrust my head into the lion's jaws without having the means at hand of breaking his teeth if he attempted to close them?"

"Indeed!" said the officer, "and pray, sir, what means may you have of breaking the lion's teeth, as you phrase it?"

"I will show thee," said Clayton, giving a low whistle. It was answered immediately from the grounds in the rear of the house, and the next moment the tramp of feet was heard in the hall, and then, twenty of the Rangers, with Frank and Harry among them, armed to the teeth, poured into the parlor.

"Thee sees," said Clayton; "now order thy men to lay down their arms. If they stir for anything else they are dead men."

The officer stood silent; it was quite an impressive tableau. He and Clayton stood in their original position, about the middle of the room, the latter's hand still upon his shoulder, and the cocked pistol, which had never wavered for a moment, still poking its muzzle within an inch or two of his face; the Rangers, who had stationed themselves between the two men and the soldiers, who remained by the door, stood there with pistol in each hand, holding the soldiers covered by the levelled pistols, and almost touching the bayonets of the "presented" muskets of the latter as they stood stolidly waiting for orders; the women, with the exception of Mary Wetherill and Sarah Wheeler, who kept their position near Clayton, were huddled in the corners, with their hands to their ears, waiting in terror for the explosion, which they thought, of course, was coming; while the gray mottled cat, startled from her doze before the fire by the fall of the soldier whom Harry had kicked over, still stood upon the rug with her back and tail arched, spitting and swearing in feline language furiously.

"Thee sees the odds against thee," said Clayton.

"Yes," said the officer, through his clenched teeth, "I see; I surrender, sir—order arms"—to his men, who obeyed the order with pardonable alacrity—"if it hadn't been for the mountebank trick of your follower there," he added, glancing wrathfully at Harry, "there might have been a different tale."

"Possibly," said Clayton; "but thee sees thee was mistaken in calling us prisoners; now, I don't wish to be harsh with thee, and if thee will promise me upon thy honor that this family shall receive no farther molestation, after we leave, I will release thee and thy men as soon as we are clear of the city."

"I'll promise that very willingly," said the officer, "though I had no intention of molesting them at any rate."

They now prepared to take their departure. In the meantime, Sarah Wheeler had been nudging and making faces at Mary, and pointing to the flag, which still lay upon the floor, but the latter shook her head.

"Well," said Sarah at last, "if thee won't, I will," and picking it up, she advanced with it towards Clayton, and handed it to him, saying, "now that thy little affair with these friends is satisfactorily settled, I'll tell thee why we wanted to see thee. We want thee to take this piece of 'fine clothes' as mother there calls it, to be the standard of thy troop, never to be lost, never to be given up, except to those who made it."

Clayton took the flag, and was about to reply, when she cut him short,

"There, now! thee needn't make a speech about it; we know by heart what it would be proper to say."

"Very well," said Clayton, "but will thee allow me to give it in charge to my standard bearer now?"

"By all means," said she; "who is he?"

"Here he stands," said Clayton, handing the flag to Harry.

"Thee will never disgrace it, I know," said Sarah, turning to Harry with a bright smile and a glance which brought the blood to his cheek, cool young gentleman as he was.

"I may die with it in my hand; it shall never leave me in any other way," said he briefly, folding it up and placing it in his bosom.

At this moment Frank, who, with his habitual caution, had been keeping a sharp look out on the river through the front windows, paying very little attention to this exceedingly informal flag presentation, came up to Clayton, and whispered in his ear,

"Marines puttin' off from one o' th' ships. Be quick."

Clayton instantly put his men in motion, gave a single pressure of Mary's hand, placed his prisoners in front, and in another moment the whole party had passed out at the back of the house, leaving the inmates in the utmost surprise at their sudden departure.

When fairly out, he stopped and said to the Englishman,

"There is a party of marines coming from one of the ships towards the house. We can fight them if necessary, but I don't want to fight here; we can escape and carry thee and thy men with us without difficulty; but I don't wish to leave the women alone to meet those who are coming. Will thee promise, as an officer and a gentleman, that thee will remain here till they come, and prevent any annoyance or insult to those in the house if I release thee now?"

The officer hesitated a moment.

"If not," said Clayton, calmly, "we will remain and fight it out; but thee and all thy men will be the first victims, whoever else may fall; my object is to avoid strife and bloodshed here; thee may send them after us if thee chooses, and they may take us, if they can. There is no time to lose."

"I promise," said the officer, "with that understanding. Those in the house shall not be molested, but I shall lead the marines directly after you. I tell you candidly."

"Thee is at liberty," said Clayton, and leaving them to return into the house, he moved rapidly with his men across the grounds which opened upon Front Street, passed into the street, crossed it, passed through an alley which led off from it, thence through another and another, zigzagging along, until they reached the edge of Dock Creek, where he found the rest of the troop waiting impatiently for them, having become alarmed by their delay.

The bitter cold of the weather, as I said before, had almost emptied the streets of passengers, and, having nothing unusual about their dress, their arms being all carefully hidden beneath their coats, the Rangers had attracted very little attention from the few they met.

Mounting their horses at once, they formed upon the bank of the creek, and awaited the approach of the marines. The latter, who had been tracking them faithfully, halted as soon as they came in sight of the powerful force drawn up to receive them.

I have no fight to describe in this instance. There would have been, however, if the peppery old marine officer could have had his way; for with a force of twenty-five men, all told, he at first "pooh-poohed" the suggestion of the other officer, that it might not be altogether safe or prudent, with so small a force, and on foot, to attack a body of eighty or ninety, admirably mounted, as they could see, even though they were "Yankees."

"Why, sir," said the marine, "do you mean to say that twenty-five of his Majesty's picked men could be made to turn their backs on that gang of clodhoppers, mounted though they are? You must excuse me, sir, but I can't conceive the possibility of such a thing."

"Those are no clodhoppers, as you call them sir," said the other, "but a band of picked men, against whom our small force would stand no more chance than a handfull of chaff before a gale. Do you know that they are the men who stormed the orchard battery at Germantown, and tore the companies supporting it to fragments, as if a magazine had blown up among them? We will do very well if they will let us go back at all."

After some farther discussion, and a good deal of grumbling on the part of the old marine, at the disgrace of his Majesty's troops turning their backs upon any number of rebels, the order was given to retreat.

It was conducted in good order, the Rangers not interfering; for Clayton did not wish to be troubled with prisoners he had no convenient means of disposing of, and was very well satisfied to avoid a conflict in the city, where he might have been hemmed in; so as soon as he saw the enemy fairly on their retrograde march, he put his troop in motion in the opposite direction, and made his way as rapidly as possible from the dangerous neighborhood.

As soon as they were in the open country, Harry raised the flag upon his carbine, securing it between the ramrod and the stock, for want of a better flagstaff, thus diverting the attention of a few of the men who were inclined to grumble at having been prevented from attacking the marines; which was Harry's principal reason for showing it at that time.

I cannot do justice to the rage of General Howe when he learned what a prize had been within his grasp, and the cool manner in which it had walked out of it again.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Month after month passed on. The British were still in Philadelphia, leading the sober and moral life which armies are accustomed to lead in a garrison town.

The American army still lay at Valley Forge, enduring, with stern patience, their unparalleled sufferings. Washington was occupying a little low-browed room in old Isaac Potts, the Quaker preacher's house, as his headquarters, with a hole cut under the window seat for a fire proof safe in which to keep his private papers. Old Baron Steuben was there, drilling the barefooted troops in the snow, cheerful and lively on the scanty fare in the luxury of which the officers shared as well as the men; so scanty that, as the old Baron afterwards told, his cook left him, saying, by way of justification, that "where he had nothing on which to display his art, it was of no consequence who turned the string" (of the spit.)

The memorable and never-to-be forgotten "Battle of the Kegs" had been fought and won by the persistent and stubborn gallantry of the British, who lined the wharves and kept up a fire upon every stick that floated past, throughout the whole of a January day. In the words of an old letter published in the American Museum of 1787, "Both officers and men exhibited unparalleled skill and prowess on the occasion, whilst the citizens stood gaping as solemn witnesses of this dreadful scene. *In truth, not a chip, stick, or drift-log passed* by without experiencing the vigor of the British arms. The action began about sunrise, and would have terminated in favor of the British by noon, had not an old market woman, in crossing the river with provisions, unfortunately let a keg of butter fall overboard; which, as it was then ebb tide, floated down to the field of battle. At sight of this unexpected reinforcement of the enemy, the attack was renewed with fresh force; and the firing from the marine and land forces was beyond imagination, and so continued until night closed the conflict. The rebel kegs were either totally demolished, or obliged to fly, as none of them have shown their *heads* since. It is said that his Excellency, Lord Howe, has dispatched a swift-sailing packet with an account of this signal victory to the Court of London. In short, Monday, the — of January, will be memorable in history for the renowned Battle of the Kegs."

The Rangers still hovered around the city, pouncing on straggling videttes and foraging parties, and sending them home empty and disarmed, (for they never troubled themselves with prisoners,) or following them helter skelter up to the very lines of the enemy, drawing out the guards in bootless pursuit, carrying off their plunder under their very noses, perambulating the city in disguise and picking up information of their plans, which they then diligently thwarted, and keeping the British in a constant fever of excitement with their mad pranks. But "the pitcher that goes often to the well gets broken at last."

One afternoon, in March, Clayton's scouts brought in word that a strong party was out in the neighborhood of Frankford, coming towards the city, with a number of cattle which they had seized.

He immediately started to intercept them, at the head of Bettle's and Wetherill's divisions, and some others, amounting, altogether, to about sixty men. Coming up with the enemy in the Frankford road, about half a mile above the city, he attacked them. The latter, though fully as strong as his own party, immediately broke before the charge, and abandoning their booty, retreated in confusion towards the city. Ordering Wetherill, with some half dozen men, to take charge of the cattle and drive them to the rendezvous, he followed with the balance of his force in hot pursuit.

The two parties rushed together pell mell down the road, when, as they entered a kind of defile, formed by a deep cut, hedged in by woods on each side, a shower of musket balls from the thick undergrowth of bushes on the edge of either steep bank, poured down upon the Rangers like a hail-storm. At the same instant Clayton saw that the road was blocked up in front by a solid body of infantry, certainly not less than two hundred strong, which had opened its ranks to let the fugitives pass through, and then instantly closed again.

They were betrayed! Not, however, by their scouts, who had neither seen nor suspected the presence of any stronger force than the escort which had been first attacked, and which had, in reality, only acted as a decoy to lead them into the trap.

Before they had recovered from the momentary surprise of the first double volley, which had emptied nearly half the saddles in the troop, another storm of balls from the strong force in front, swept through them.

Reeling under the deadly fire, their movements hampered in the confined space in which they were crowded by the bodies of fallen men and horses, disordered by the frantic kicking of some of the latter, which lay wounded and entangled among the legs of their own horses, the surviving Rangers wavered for a moment, and seemed upon the point of breaking away in a headlong panic.

It was only for a moment. Restored to order by the calm but powerful voice of Clayton and the fiery orders of Bettle, the few remaining men backed their horses rapidly but steadily a few paces to clearer ground, wheeled suddenly, firing as they turned, and dashed up the road towards Frankford, scattering the foragers, who had taken advantage of the momentary pause to steal around to their rear, like dead leaves before a gale.

Wetherill, with his half dozen men and the cattle, had not got more than a quarter of a mile away, when the volleys were heard, in quick succession.

He ordered a halt at once; for his practised ear told him that the fire was too heavy for the party they had chased.

"They're in a trap," said he, "as sure as—Woodward, thee has the swiftest horse. Ride for life, and bring up all the men; M'Lane's and all. There's half an army at Clayton."

With these hurried words, Wetherill, leaving the cattle to take care of themselves, turned back towards the fight with his companions, while Woodward, before his officer had more than half finished his order, was skimming across the fields, over hedge, and ditch, and fence, his light-heeled mare clearing everything like a wild deer.

When Clayton broke through those in his rear, a strong body of light horse dashed out of the woods on each side of the road, in pursuit. They kept to the fields, and continued the pursuit in this way, with the Rangers a little in advance, but exposed, thus, to a raking fire from each side.

The latter pushed on, keeping up a sharp fire, however, from their carbines as they ran, until the superior speed of their horses had put them sufficiently in advance, to give them room to turn off the road to the left, and gain the large open meadow which lay beside it, crossing the front of the body of horsemen on that side, and bringing them between them and the others.

Once on open ground, with room enough for the purpose, the Rangers scattered in their usual fashion when in conflict with a much superior force, thus separating and distracting their fire.

The two bodies of light horse had now united, and the Rangers still retreated, slowly, wheeling and circling in their hawk-like movements, not widening the space between them and their enemies materially, but keeping nearly the same relative distance—about a hundred yards—never offering for an instant a stationary mark to fire at, while nearly every ball from their carbines and pistols told *on the solid column which was steadily* pursuing them.

In the meantime, the commander of the infantry at the defile, who had seen the Rangers in action before, suspecting that they would take to the fields as soon as possible, and make for the Wissahickon, had taken advantage of a bend in the road—pushed as rapidly as possible through the wood, and now emerged from it with his whole force, a little in advance of the Rangers, on their—flank, I was going to say; but they had no flank, properly speaking—but in a position which was parallel to their general course.

As they appeared, the Rangers, without closing their ranks, at a whistle from Clayton, abandoned their wheeling movements, and all but Clayton and Bettle, who remained upright in their saddles, dropping by the sides of their horses as Harry had done when he escaped, darted forward in a straight line for a couple of hundred yards or so, until they had left this danger in their rear, also.

They received a volley from the whole line, as they passed, but the Regulars fired high, and no damage appeared to have been done.

As they slackened their pace again, a small flag appeared above a roll in the ground about a quarter of a mile off, and the next moment Harry appeared on the crest of the hill, waving the blue flag, and followed by the whole remaining force of the Rangers and M'Lane's men combined.

"There they come," said Bettle, turning to Clayton, beside whom he was riding, "now we'll—but what's the matter?" he exclaimed, interrupting himself in alarm, as he saw Clayton's face ghastly pale, and his hand pressed against his side.

"I'm hit," said Clayton; "badly, I fear; but don't tell the men; I'll stay in the saddle as long as possible," and then added, in an undertone, as though speaking to himself—"Oh! Mary, Mary, this will be sad news for thee." He spoke with difficulty, as if the effort gave him pain, and said no more. Once or twice he swayed slightly in his seat, but immediately recovered himself, and sat there sustained by the indomitable spirit within him, to all appearance the same calm, strong man he had always been.

By this time the others had come up and thrown themselves between the wreck of their companions and their pursuers, covering their retreat and holding the light horse at bay, the infantry having been left by this time at a distance which removed all apprehension of danger from them.

Calling Wetherill to take his place by Clayton's side, to be ready to support him if he grew too weak to keep his seat, Bettle spurred back to Captain M'Lane and told him the circumstances.

"Who's with him?" said M'Lane.

"Wetherill."

"Tell him to take half a dozen men and get Clayton away to the rendezvous as fast as possible. I'll take care of these scarlet gentlemen here."

Bettle hurried forward again to give the order, and the fight went on.

The Americans being now more nearly equal in numbers to the enemy, changed their tactics, and forming in solid column, charged headlong upon them. By this time the fact of Clayton's wound had spread through his own troop, and instead of dispiriting them, as he had feared, it had only set them mad with rage. Pressing forward in advance of the column, in spite of the efforts of Bettle and the other officers to restrain them, they hurled themselves upon the enemy with a reckless fury that no discipline could withstand, driving back their front ranks upon those behind them, in a confused, huddled up mass, and disordering their whole column.

Before they could recover, M'Lane with his steadier force was upon them, pushing the advantage thus gained. Their ranks disordered, those savage Rangers in the midst of them, fighting, men and horses, with the blind, reckless ferocity of wounded tigers, M'Lane's iron column pressing them steadily back, the infantry which could have supported them, out of reach, they broke into a disorderly flight toward the main body. M'Lane's men stopped at once without pursuing, for to have followed them to the main body would have been running into the jaws of death, but the Rangers clung to them like leeches, paying no attention to their officers' repeated orders to halt, until Bettle seized the bridle of the foremost and backed his horse by main force upon the rest, with his sword point at the rider's throat.

CHAPTER XXIV.

The men in charge of Clayton, hurried to the rendezvous, Wetherill and another one supporting him in the saddle for the last half mile.

When they reached the place, he dismounted, with their assistance, and walked between them into the house, where he at once lay down, overcome with weakness.

The rest of the force followed as rapidly as possible, after they had driven back the enemy, and discipline had been restored among the half-demented Rangers.

There had been almost a mutiny among them before this could be done; and Barton had actually drawn the trigger of his pistol at the face of one of the men who attempted to force his way past him. Fortunately for the fellow, the pistol snapped; and brought to his senses by this sharp reminder, and by observing that Barton had re-cocked it, he slunk back to his place.

"Is there any one else who would like to disobey my orders?" said Barton slowly and sternly; "for shame, men, shall it be said that Clayton's Rangers with all their discipline, broke into mutiny as soon as their Captain was wounded? For shame."

"But, Lieutenant," said another of the men, "we only wanted to revenge the Captain, and all the boys that were murdered by them cowards a while ago."

"By sacrificing the balance of the troop! Do you know there are not less than three hundred infantry yonder, and that another minute would have brought you right among them? We have nothing to do with vengeance; leave that where it belongs; to your Maker. Back to your place and obey your orders, if you want to please the Captain."

Order being restored, the whole party marched together towards the Wissahickon.

"How did you happen to come up so early?" said Bettle to Captain M'Lane, as they rode on together. "Woodward certainly hadn't time to reach the creek and bring you from there, when you came up."

"We were on the march," said M'Lane; "one of my scouts discovered the ambuscade, and brought me word at once; and fearing you might fall into the trap, we pushed out immediately to support you; we heard the firing, and were coming up at full speed, when Woodward reached us, about half a mile from where we first came in sight."

When they arrived at the rendezvous, they found Clayton lying upon a rude couch, with Wetherill standing beside him. He was quiet, and apparently free from suffering, but pale and exhausted.

His eyes had been closed, but the noise of their arrival had roused him.

Turning his head towards the door as M'Lane and Bettle entered, with a calm, grave smile, he beckoned the latter to him.

"William," he said, "the end has come; I shall never draw sword more."

"Oh, yes you will, Captain Clayton," said M'Lane, cheerfully; "wait till we get you into the city, where you can be properly cared for, and we'll see you in the saddle again in a month."

Clayton shook his head with the same calm, grave smile.

"I'm going to send a flag to Howe, to ask leave to have you taken in; you can't have proper treatment here."

"It is useless," said Clayton, "I could not bear the journey, and I wish no better care than my own wounded men have had; let me meet death where it has found me; among them."

"Would thee like to see Mary?" whispered Wetherill, stooping over him.

Clayton's eyes brightened.

"It is the dearest wish I have left," said he, "but I must give it up."

"No, thee *shall* see her," said Wetherill; "I'll bring her here to-night."

In a few minutes more, Wetherill was on his way to the city with a flag. After some delay, he was admitted within the lines, and conducted to Howe's quarters, where he stated his errand.

The General gave him the order, remarking, "It is not the safest time for a lady to travel; but if you choose to take the risk of falling in with any of the marauders who are prowling around the city, you can do so."

"We will have to take the risk," said Wetherill.

"If your Excellency will allow me to accompany them with an escort," said an officer who was in the room, "I will esteem it a special kindness. I know Captain Clayton personally, and would be glad to do him this service, as a requital of the courtesy I received from him and his officers when a prisoner among them."

"You may do so if you wish, Captain Gardner," said Howe. "You have hunted him faithfully, very much against your will, as I know; it is but fair that you should have the opportunity to do him a favor."

"I thank your Excellency," said Captain Gardner, for it was our old acquaintance of the spring, "it is a kindness I will remember gratefully."

So saying, he took Wetherill's arm, and they left the house, the British captain in his gay uniform arm-in-arm with the Quaker Lieutenant in his sober drab suit.

In the course of half-an-hour more, they were on their way to the Wissahickon, under the promised escort; Mary, her mother, and Sarah Wheeler, whom Mary had requested to accompany her, in Mrs. Wetherill's carriage, and Wetherill himself and Captain Gardner on horseback riding beside it.

They reached the place about midnight.

As they approached the door, it was opened from the inside by Bettle, who had heard them coming. Placing his finger on his lips, he led them quietly into the room where Clayton was lying with his eyes closed, breathing heavily.

"How does he seem?" whispered Mrs. Wetherill, to Bettle.

He shook his head.

"He's sinking; he has been sleeping a little at intervals until about half-an-hour ago, when a stupor seemed to come over him—"

Captain Gardner touched Bettle on the shoulder:

"Excuse me," said he, "for interrupting you; this gentleman, Mr. Lawrence," beckoning to a gentleman in an army surgeon's uniform, who had come in with him, "is the surgeon of our regiment; I have brought him with us to see if anything can be done to save Captain Clayton.

Bettle pressed the surgeon's hand silently, and led him to the rude couch on which the Captain lay.

He looked at him for a moment, felt his pulse, applied his ear to his chest, and then turned to Bettle and Captain Gardner, who were watching him with anxious faces, and shook his head gravely.

"Nothing can save him," he whispered; "he is bleeding to death internally; is there any wine or brandy at hand?"

"I have both in the carriage," said Mrs. Wetherill; "I will bring them in."

Pouring out a glass of brandy, the surgeon raised Clayton's head upon his arm, and applied it to his lips. Partially aroused by the motion, and the pungent smell of the brandy, Clayton opened his eyes again and looked dreamily around him.

"Drink," said the surgeon.

Clayton obeyed, mechanically, and in a moment afterwards, revived by the powerful stimulant, raised himself on his elbow, and looked around him again, still dreamily, but with more apparent consciousness than before—

"Where's Mary?" said he; "I thought Wetherill brought her here."

Bettle silently beckoned to her, and she came forward and knelt by her lover.

"I am here, Ellis," she said, as she bent over him, and, pushing back the damp locks from his forehead, kissed it tenderly. What cared she that others were standing by? So far as any consciousness of the presence of others was concerned, she and Clayton were the only occupants of that lonely house. She saw nothing but the pale face that was now resting against her breast; she felt nothing but the faint pressure of the hand in which her own was grasped; she heard nothing but the low murmur of his voice as he strove, forgetful as ever of himself, to console *her* and strengthen her to bear the great sorrow that had come upon her.

"Has he a mother?" asked M'Lane, of Bettle, as they stood looking sadly at this spectacle.

"No," said Bettle, "his parents are both dead; I am the only relative he has living, that I know of."

At this moment Mary pointed to the glass which was standing near, with a spoonful of brandy in it.

It was handed to her, and she put it to his lips; he swallowed a little of it, and raising his head again, from Mary's breast, beckoned the others to him.

"I have not taken the sword for fame or glory," he said, as they gathered around him, "but that I might do my duty; I have striven to do it faithfully, as I understood it. When I am dead, let me be buried by my father, if possible, without any show or parade, according to the custom of my people. Let such of my men as wish, or are permitted, attend, unarmed, and as private citizens. Call in Frank and Harry."

They came in.

"I have sent for you," continued Clayton, "to bid you farewell. We have fought our last battle together; and I want to leave you a last charge. Do not attempt—let no one attempt, to revenge my death. Tell the men so, and tell them to obey their officers as well as they have always obeyed me. These are their Captain's last orders. Farewell."

The two men each grasped their Captain's hand, with a silent pressure, and then walked sadly away.

Clayton ceased speaking, and his head sank back upon the pillow. He lay thus for some time, with his eyes closed, in silence, Mary still kneeling beside him, with his right hand clasped in both of hers, looking at the pale face in dumb tearless agony; while Sarah Wheeler bent over him, gently wiping away the cold damps which gathered over the forehead.

Bettle stood close beside him, his arms locked tightly across his chest, and his features working convulsively as he watched the face of the surgeon, who, with one hand thrust into the breast of his coat, and the other on the dying man's wrist, stood watching his countenance with the calm gravity of his profession.

They remained thus for some minutes, when the surgeon, turning to Bettle, who was standing nearest him, said, in a low voice, "It is coming!"

There were a few of those long, deep, awful inhalations, which he who has seen never forgets; they grew fainter and fainter, and at last, Mary's face, which had been directed fixedly towards Clayton's, dropped upon his breast; the surgeon gently laid down the hand he held, and all that was left of Ellis Clayton lay there motionless and still. (CONCLUDED NEXT WEEK.)

REVERIE.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

Sitting here in the sunlight
Of this delicious day—
The book of my favorite author,
From my hand has drop'd away.
And thro' the open window,
I watch the daisied lea
Shine in the light and ripple,
Like the tide of a foamy sea
Softly the ivy twining
The wooden lattice o'er—
Sendeth a lace-like shadow
To dance on the sunny floor
And some small bird, low lying
Among the asphodel,
Is singing a silver carol,
Whose measure suits me well;
Whose measure doth awaken
The thought of the absent one—
Who stands in a deep embrasure
And watches the sky alone.

A light in his eye is shining,
The rainbow light of tears—
And his parted lips drink in the breath
That is blown from the by-gone years.
'Tis a breath of meadow-pasture,
Where the apple-blossoms sway—
'Tis a breath of the happy childhood time
Grown dim and pass'd away!

Oh, when will the broken decades
Of Life's frail rosary—
Be gathered up and united
In their pristine unity?
Oh, when will the long gone vessels,
Across the dark sing main,
Come back with their golden treasures,
To their native port again?

The song of the bird, low-lying,
In silence quivers out—
And a pleasant wind up-rising,
Doth sway the leaves about:
The dreamy thoughts and tender,
Go, spirit-like, from me—
And the book of my favorite author
Lies open upon my knee.

$500 PRIZE STORY.

DANESBURY HOUSE.

BY MRS. ELLEN WOOD,

AUTHOR OF "THE EARL'S DAUGHTERS," "THE RED COURT FARM," &c.

[We have received from our talented contributor, Mrs. Wood, the following powerful and touching story—for which she was recently unanimously awarded the Prize of £100, offered by the Directors of the Scottish Temperance League:—*Ed. Sat. Eve. Post.*]

CHAPTER I.

THE MISTAKE.—THE DINNER-TABLE.

It was a winter's afternoon, cold and bright, and the large nursery window of Danesbury House looked out on an extensive and beautiful prospect. Seated at it, occupied in repairing some fine lace, was a smart young woman of twenty, an upper maid, sensible and sharp-looking, with quick, dark eyes, and a healthy color.

"*There's* the baby, Glisson," she suddenly exclaimed, as a child's cry was heard from the adjoining room.

Glisson, the person she addressed, was a woman of middle age, active and slender, the valued nurse in the Danesbury family. She was sitting in a low rocking-chair, right in front of the fire, nodding at intervals. She half opened her eyes and turned them on Jessy, with a somewhat dull or stupid expression.

"Did you speak?" she asked.

"The baby, Glisson. Don't you hear him?"

Glisson rose, and stepping into the night-nursery, brought forth little William Danesbury, a lovely child of nine months old. His cheeks were flushed to a crimson damask, his pretty mouth was like a rosebud, and his eyes were large and dark and brilliant. She sat down with him on the low chair: he seemed somewhat fractious, as infants will be, on awaking from sleep, and Glisson laid him flat upon her knee and rocked the chair backwards and forwards.

"The idea of your trying to hush the child off to sleep again!" exclaimed Jessy. "I'm sure he has slept long enough—all the time we were at dinner!"

"Mind your own business," cried Glisson.

Jessy was one who rather liked to have the last word.

"He wants amusing, nurse; he doesn't want more sleep: and I daresay he is hungry."

Glisson made no reply. She had closed her eyes, perhaps with a view to finish her own doze, and was gently keeping the chair on the rock. The child, soothed to quiet, lay still. Jessy passed in her work, turned her head sideways, and kept her eyes fixed for the full space of a minute on Mrs. Glisson.

Presently a fit of coughing took the baby. The nurse put him to sit up, and patted his back, but he coughed violently. He had had a bad cough for more than a week past, but it was getting better. Glisson rose and looked on the mantel-piece for his cough mixture. She could not see it.

"What have you done with the baby's medicine?" she exclaimed to Jessy.

"I have not done anything with it," was the reply. "I have not touched it."

"You must have touched it, or else it would be here," sharply retorted Mrs. Glisson.

"I tell you I have not," answered Jessy. "Where did you put it when you had used it last?"

"Where should I put it but in its place on the mantel-piece? I gave him some last night when I undressed him, and I put the bottle back. Somebody has been here, meddling," continued the nurse in an angry tone; "but I'll find out who it was. I'll let the house know that nobody shall come into my nursery with impunity. Perhaps it's carried into mistress's room."

She flung off, not in the best of tempers, the child coughing in her arms.

"Have you found it?" inquired Jessy, when she returned.

"Found it? of course I have," replied the nurse. "There shall be a stir about this; how dare anybody come and carry off my nursery things? It was in Mrs. Danesbury's closet, put among the spirits of camphor, and the magnesia, and the other bottles. They thought to play me a trick, I suppose, for they have been clearing the direction off: maybe they'll get one played to them, in a way they won't like, before the day's out. It's that impudent Sarah! She said, at dinner, she'd be up to pranks, now mistress was away."

Mrs. Glisson poured out a teaspoonful of the mixture, and gave it to the child. Jessy, meanwhile, was thinking how very improbable it was that any servant, even Sarah, the careless and frolicsome under-housemaid, should presume to meddle with anything belonging to the nurse and baby. All in a moment—she could not tell how or why—a doubt flashed over her.—Could Mrs. Glisson have overlooked the bottle? Letting her work fall, she started up, and with one bound cleared the space between the window and the mantel-piece. Sure enough, there was the missing bottle, pushed out of sight behind a child's toy.

"Oh, nurse, what have you done?" she uttered. "Here's the baby's medicine behind Miss Isabel's doll's house! What have you given to him?"

The nurse looked confounded, and turned her gaze from the bottle in Jessy's hand to the bottle in her own. They were precisely similar in shape and size, small round bottles, each about half full, with what, to appearance, might be taken for the same mixture. Jessy snatched the strange bottle from her, uncorked it and smelt it. She turned deadly pale.

"Mrs. Glisson, as true as that you are alive, you have killed the baby! This is the laudanum."

"You are a fool for saying it," shrieked out Glisson, in her terror. "It can't be the laudanum bottle!"

Jessy knew that it was; she recognized it as that which was kept in Mrs. Danesbury's private closet. She laid her two hands upon the woman's shoulders, and hissed forth strange words, in her grief and excitement.

"*You are not yourself, and you know it:* you are not in a state clearly to distinguish one bottle from another."

There was not a moment to be lost. She left the woman to her own reflections, to the two bottles, and the child, and tore down the stairs. In the hall she encountered a man-servant, and Jessy laid hold of him, and dragged him towards the front door. The man thought she was wild.

"The baby's dying, Ralph. Fly for Mr. Pratt: don't let him lose an instant."

Ralph, after a prolonged stare of bewilderment, started off, down the steps. Jessy followed him, and was running in a different direction, when a thought struck her, and she called again to the man.

"Tell him what it is, Ralph; it may save time. The baby has had a dose of laudanum given him, in mistake for his cough-mixture."

To the right, at a distance of nearly a quarter of a mile, rose the large and extensive buildings, known by the name of the Danesbury Works. Jessy gained the spot, flew through the outer grounds, the passages, and into the private room of her master. Mr. Danesbury, a tall man of commanding presence, with nobly intelligent features and earnest blue eyes, now some years past thirty, was standing by his fire, engaged with two gentlemen. To see one of his handmaids burst upon them in that unceremonious fashion astonished him considerably: he thought her wild, as Ralph had done.

"Oh, sir," she panted, "there has been a sad accident at home. Mrs. Glisson has made a mistake, and given the baby the wrong medicine."

"Wrong medicine!" uttered Mr. Danesbury.

"She missed his cough mixture, sir, and she found it, as she thought, in my mistress's closet, and she gave him a teaspoonful. It was not his mixture, but the laudanum."

Mr. Danesbury, with a word of apology to the gentlemen, hastened from the room.

"You should have sent for Mr. Pratt, Jessy," he next said.

"I have, sir; I did not lose time; Ralph is gone for him."

It was a deplorable accident, and it had happened at an unusually unfavorable moment, for Mrs. Danesbury was away from home. She had left Eastborough with her two eldest children the previous day, to pay a visit to London.

Eastborough was forthwith up in arms. To see one of the servants from Danesbury House come along, without his hat, at the pace of a steam-engine, dart into Mr. Pratt's, and to see the two, for happily the surgeon was at home, go steaming back again, caused unheard-of consternation. People came out of their houses to wonder, and ask each other what had occurred, and the news soon spread to them from the works; for there Jessy's errand had been learnt by the operatives; little William Danesbury had been poisoned.

Nothing but emetics could have any counteracting effect upon so young a child, and those Mr. Pratt tried; but whether they would save him, could not yet be proved. Mr. Danesbury, the first shock over, began to reflect that it might be better to send for his wife; who, whatever should be the issue, would be the more satisfied to be at home than away. He determined to despatch Thomas Harding, one of his most esteemed and faithful foremen, who had been in the works many years.

"Jessy," said Mr. Danesbury, to the girl, "go back to the factory and tell your uncle to prepare for an immediate journey to London. After he is ready, he must come here to receive my instructions."

As Jessy went into the factory to do her master's bidding, she was assailed on all sides. Was the child dead? Could it be brought round? How did it happen? But she would not answer one inquiry, until she had delivered the message to Mr. Harding, and when she did explain, it was very brief. A mistake of the nurse's in taking up the wrong bottle, she said, and Mr. Pratt could give no opinion yet, one way or the other.

In those days, railroads were not common, and the quickest way of general travelling was by posting. A chaise was ordered from the Ram, and was soon at Danesbury House. Mr. Harding, equipped for the journey, was already there, had taken his orders from his master, and was now standing on the steps outside, talking with Jessy in an under tone. As the chaise rattled up, and turned round, he got inside, and just at that moment Mr. Danesbury came out again.

"Mind, Harding, how you break it to Mrs. Danesbury. Be as cautious as possible. Mr. Pratt does think there may be a little hope, tell her."

"I'll do it in the best way that ever I can, sir," he answered, the tears rising to his eyes with earnestness of feeling.

The chaise drove back at a swift pace, down the hill and through the small town, to the intense delight of the inhabitants, ever rejoicing in excitement, who flocked to their doors and windows to gaze after it as it rolled past, and at Thomas Harding seated bolt upright in it. They would have guessed his errand, had its object not transpired.

Mr. Danesbury had turned into the house again, but Jessy stood and watched the chaise down the hill; through the town she lost sight of it, but speedily saw it again, ascending the opposite hill, for Eastborough, a very small town, deserving little more than the name of village, was situated in a valley. Jessy was the daughter of a farmer who had a large family. She had received a good plain education, was well-mannered and well-conducted, and her friends had not thought it beneath them to accept a place for her as maid at Mrs. Danesbury's, to wait upon and walk out with the two eldest children; Jessy had, at first, somewhat rebelled at it, not having thought she should be "sent out to service." Thomas Harding's wife was her father's sister.

Whilst that chaise was nearing the end of its forty mile journey, a merry party had assembled round a well-lighted dinner table in a handsome house in Redford Row, the metropolitan locality where so many men of the law congregate. Mr. and Mrs. Serle were its owners, and sat at either end. By the side of the former, who was an eminent solicitor, sat Mrs. Danesbury, an elegant woman of thirty years, with beautifully refined features and dark eyes, thoughtful and expressive. Opposite to her, in a drab silk gown, sat Miss St. George, who was the sister of Mrs. Serle, and lived there because she had no other home. Next to Mrs. Serle was a young man, Walter St. George; he was in Mr. Serle's office, and had been invited to dinner to meet Mrs. Danesbury: and the middle of the table was occupied by four children, two little Serles, and Arthur and Isabel Danesbury. Mrs. Danesbury was first cousin to Walter St. George, and both of them were more distantly related to Mrs. Serle and her sister. The children's dining at this late hour was unusual; but they had been out with the ladies, sight-seeing, and had lost their own dinner in the middle of the day. Of course, they enjoyed amazingly the dining by candle-light.

"But, sir," suddenly cried Arthur Danesbury, leaning forward that he might see Mr. St. George, "you have not told me about the Tower. Do you often go to it?"

"Well; no, I don't," smiled Mr. St. George. "But I will take you."

Mrs. Danesbury laughed.

"Arthur has a book at home, describing the glories and wonders of the Tower in days gone by," she said: "lions, giants, dwarfs, soldiers in armor, and scaffolds. He cannot separate those marvels from the present Tower by any process of reasoning whatever; so I fear disappointment will be in store for him when he shall visit it."

Mr. St. George could hardly take his eyes from the boy, who was still bending forward, so remarkably intelligent did he think his countenance. Fair, with a broad, white, intellectual forehead, his features gave promise of the same high order of beauty that distinguished his father's, and he possessed the same large, clear, earnest blue eyes. He was in his eighth year, his sister two years younger. A servant placed a glass of porter by his side, and recalled him to his dinner.

"Oh, water for me, if you please," said the child.

"Water, sir?"

"Yes," replied Arthur, "and for my sister also. We always drink water."

There was no water on the sideboard; it was a beverage not frequently called for at Mr. Serle's, and one of the servants had to go down stairs for some. Matthew and Charlotte Serle had each their small silver mug of porter.

"Your children are not going to drink water?" exclaimed Mrs. Serle, when she saw the water placed for them. "This cannot hurt them, Mrs. Danesbury; it is only porter, not stout."

"Thank you," replied Mrs. Danesbury, "they never take anything but water."

"You don't know what's good for them, I see," interposed Mr. Serle. But the subject dropped.

To be resumed, however, at dessert. In pouring out the port wine, Mr. Serle filled four glasses three parts full, and passed them to the children.

"Oh! I beg your pardon for not speaking sooner, interrupted Mrs. Danesbury, "I did not observe. Arthur and Isabel do not take it."

"Not take wine! and not take beer!" uttered Mr. Serle; "why, do you intend to make little hermits of them? I can assure you these children, when they are indulged by dining with us, and on Sundays, look for their glasses of wine, filled 'up to the pretty,' as eagerly as we look for ours."

"I never heard of such a thing as punishing children in that way," cried Miss St. George.

"It is no punishment," was Mrs. Danesbury's reply. "They are not accustomed to it, and therefore do not wish for it."

"All moonshine!" laughed Mr. Serle. "Drink it up, children."

"No; I must repeat that I prefer they should not," returned Mrs. Danesbury.

Her manner and tone, though perfectly courteous and lady-like, were unmistakably decisive, and no more was said. The little Serles drank their wine, and when the children had eaten some pears and oranges, they were all despatched to the nursery to play.

"How can you force those nice children of yours to drink water?" began Mrs. Serle, turning to her guest. "Do you do it upon principle? as people say."

"I do it because I believe it to be good for them," was Mrs. Danesbury's answer.

"But you cannot possibly think that the small portion of beer and wine which our children have just taken, can have done them any harm?"

"Whether it has done them harm, I cannot say; but I will say that water would have done them more good, even for their health's sake."

"*Even* for their health's sake!" repeated Mrs. Serle. "I scarcely follow you. There is nothing else that could be benefitted by it."

"Yes," said Mrs. Danesbury, "their taste. We should be very cautious what tastes we impart to, or cultivate in a child. A child cannot dislike water naturally; it is its natural beverage, as, rely upon it, it was intended to be the natural beverage of man. A child should never be allowed to drink anything else (except at those seasons, tea and breakfast, when milk is substituted;) whether at dinner, or when thirsty, let it have its appointed drink—water. Confine a child's drink to water, and he will obey the law of nature, and grow up, loving the water. I believe that it is of the utmost importance that he should be allowed to do so."

"I don't see why."

"As soon as a child can sit down to table and eat dinner, how many parents give that child beer to drink with it! Take your own children, for example; have you accustomed them to drink water?"

"No," was Mrs. Serle's reply; "but then, London water is such wretched stuff. Since the children could sit at table, they have always had a little sup of beer."

"Just so," returned Mrs. Danesbury; "you debar your children from tasting water, and in a few years' time they will have lost their relish for it—if they have not done so already. You impart to them a taste (a forced, acquired taste, mind!) for stronger beverage, and indulge the taste until they learn to love it; naturally, after that, water appears insipid. Once let a child lose his liking for water, through disuse, through accustoming him to drink an artificial beverage, and you will rarely find him regain it in after life. Many grown persons will say, 'I cannot bear water; I could not drink it?'"

"I could not," interrupted Mr. St. George. "I never did drink it, and I am sure I could not begin now."

Mrs. Danesbury smiled; for she saw they all could have joined in his words, and it illustrated her theory.

"Just so, Walter," she remarked; "you were not allowed to drink water when your tastes, for good or for ill, were being formed. As our tastes are trained in childhood, so will our after likings be."

"Then, it is not that you think so ill of beer and wine, as that you wish your children to grow up fond of water," observed Mr. Serle.

"That is chiefly it; they must grow up fond of one or of the other. My objection to children's taking beer or wine would be less strong, could I make sure that they would always partake of them in strict moderation; but who can answer for the future? I think," continued Mrs. Danesbury, smiling upon them pleasantly, but with deprecation, "though you must not take offence at my saying it, that when parents do not oblige their children to drink water as their common beverage, they are guilty of a positive sin."

"Oh, Mrs. Danesbury!"

"A sin against the child; and perhaps," she added, in a lower tone, "against God, who has sent him into the world to be trained to morality and goodness."

There was a pause. It was Mr. Serle who broke it.

"Are these your own sentiments chiefly, Mrs. Danesbury, or your husband's."

"They are mine. I believe my husband thinks with me, but his hands and head are so full of business that he gives but little heed to what he would call domestic points. He has entire confidence in my management."

"Well; it is hard upon the children."

"Hard upon the children! how can you take up so mistaken an idea? It is quite the contrary. Had I said to my children at dinner, just now, take which you like best, beer or water, they would have chosen the water. Water, I say, assimilates itself naturally with a child's palate: beer does not. Give a glass of beer to my children, who have never had any, and they would find it salt, bitter; disagreeable as a dose of medicine."

"But, Mrs. Danesbury, if you keep your children—let us say the boy—to water, so long as you have control over him, you cannot expect that he will confine himself to water, when he becomes a man."

"I do not know that," she answered: "I trust to be able to implant in him other wholesome training, besides that of drinking water; I mean, touching his own responsibility of action. But, whether he shall confine himself to water or not, I shall have the comforting consciousness of knowing that I have done my duty by him, in bringing him up to like it. When Matthew and Arthur, your boy and mine, shall stand side by side in after years, the one loving water, the other despising it, the one regardless of stimulants, the other craving for them, what will have made the difference, but the opposite mode in which they were reared? You do what you can to eradicate the natural liking for water implanted in the child, I do all I can to foster it. Believe me, Mr. Serle, we should all do well to bring up our children to drink water."

"Madam," interrupted a servant, entering the room and addressing Mrs. Danesbury, "there's a gentleman below, asking to see you."

"A gentleman!" repeated Mrs. Danesbury in surprise, who had no friends in London, and thought the man must be mistaken. "For me! Are you sure?"

"He asked for Mrs. Danesbury. He has a plaid shawl round his neck, madam, and a white top coat on. He said he came from Eastborough, and his name was Harding—Thomas Harding."

The words seemed to electrify Mrs. Danesbury, and she turned pale as death, as she started from her seat. "What can be the matter?" she uttered. "Something must be amiss with my husband or child!"

She quitted the room, and hurried to the one where Thomas Harding had been shown. He stood in the middle of it, his hat in his hand. Mr. and Mrs. Serle caught a glimpse of a most respectable looking man, with grey hair and an honest countenance.

"Tell me the worst at once," breathed Mrs. Danesbury. "Something is amiss with Mr. Danesbury! He has not been caught in the machinery?" she gasped, the dreadful thought occurring to her.

"Dear lady, pray don't alarm yourself; it's nothing so bad as that. Mr. Danesbury is quite well, and it was he sent me to you. Little Master William is poorly, and he thought you might like to know it."

Mrs. Danesbury sunk on a chair, inexpressibly relieved. "Sit down, Mr. Harding," she said: "what is the matter with him?"

"Well, ma'am, it may sound awkward to you, in telling, but Mr. Pratt had little doubt he'd be all right," replied Thomas Harding improving upon the hint given him by Mr. Danesbury, "and that was the last thing the master charged me to say to you. Mrs. Glisson lost his cough mixture, and she found it, as she thought, and gave him some, but it turned out to be a bottle containing some tincture of opium. Mr. Pratt was there directly with his emetics, but the master bade me come up here and tell you, ma'am, thinking you might like to go home."

ARTHUR'S PROMISE.

Mrs. Danesbury sat quite still for a minute, her hands pressed upon her chest. The news surprised and perplexed her—apart from the shock and grief: but she had no time to spare for superfluous questions. "How did you come?" she inquired.

"I posted up, ma'am, in one of the chaises from the Ram. It is at the door."

"Order fresh horses to it instantly," she said, leading the way from the room. Mr. and Mrs. Serle were standing outside, not liking to intrude, and scarcely daring to inquire what had happened. She burst into tears as she gave them the news.

"Going down at once!" uttered Mr. Serle. "But how are you going?"

"Mr. Harding posted up. There is no difficulty."

She had been walking up the stairs as she replied, too anxious to lose a moment. When her things were on, she went to say farewell to her children, who, it had been hastily decided, should remain for the present. The ready tears rose to Arthur's great blue eyes.

"Why do you leave us here, mamma? it won't be nice when you are gone. When shall you come back?"

"The beginning of the week, I hope, Arthur, my darling," she added in his ear, as she held his face to hers, "Mr. and Mrs. Serle may press you to take beer and wine, but you will remember that I wish you not to do so. And tell Isabel what I say. Touch neither."

Arthur gave his head a very decided shake. His mother's word was law with him. "I will be sure to remember, mamma."

She kissed him twenty times; she kissed Isabel, breathing a blessing on them both; she bade farewell to the rest. The two children ran down to shake hands with Thomas Harding, who was in the dining room with Mr. Serle, swallowing some hasty refreshment. The chaise, with its fresh horses, drove to the door, and Mrs. Danesbury entered it scarcely giving time for the step to be lowered. Thomas Harding prepared to mount to the seat in front; the dicky, as it was called in those days.

"No, no, Mr. Harding," interposed Mrs. Danesbury, "you must not sit there this cold night. Come inside."

"Ma'am," he answered, in his respectful modest way, hesitating to obey, "I feel that I should be intruding."

"Not at all. Step in."

And the chaise whirled from the door, and speedily left London behind it.

CHAPTER II.

THE NIGHT JOURNEY.

Mrs. Danesbury naturally felt impatient for particulars, and pressed Thomas Harding to relate them, as they sped on their way. He was enabled to do so, having had them detailed over to him at length, by Jessy. Mrs. Danesbury listened to the end, but she was not satisfied.

"I cannot comprehend it," she remarked.—"The tincture of opium has been in the closet in my bedroom undisturbed since the night it was first brought into the house. I had the toothache badly, and sent to the chemist's for some. Sarah went for it; and, knowing I was in pain, she brought it away without giving time to label it. I placed it in my closet, and how it is possible for Glisson to have gone thither for it, and taken it, believing it was the baby's cough mixture, which she kept in her own nursery, I cannot conceive. It is an understood thing in the house, that nobody interferes with what may be in that closet but myself. I should not be so much surprised had it been one of the other servants; but for Glisson to go to the closet, and to commit such an error, is incomprehensible. It is as though she had acted in her sleep."

Thomas Harding was silent. He was debating a question with himself. Ought he to impart to Mrs. Danesbury a rumor which had come to his ears?

"A faithful, cautious, tried old servant like Glisson!" repeated Mrs. Danesbury. "Does it not strike you as being very extraordinary Mr. Harding?"

"Ma'am," he said, with straightforward simplicity, "I am thinking whether I ought not to tell you something which Jessy mentioned to my wife."

"If it is anything that can bear upon this case, you certainly must inform me," replied Mrs. Danesbury.

"It was the Sunday Jessy had leave to drink tea with us," he resumed. "My wife got asking her whether she should be able to reconcile herself to service, and how she liked her place: and in talking of her various duties, she said that Glisson——that Glisson——"

"Go on," interposed Mrs. Danesbury, wondering at his hesitation.

Thomas Harding leaned towards Mrs. Danesbury, and continued in a whisper, "That Glisson drank."

"That she——what?" uttered Mrs. Danesbury.

"Ma'am, that Glisson drank. Took sometimes more than was good for her."

"That Glisson drank!" repeated Mrs. Danesbury, in the very extreme of surprise. "Impossible. What could Jessy have meant by saying so."

"My wife said it was impossible, and took Jessie to task for traducing Mrs. Glisson. But Jessy persisted that it was so—that she does drink, and is often stupid through it."

Mrs. Danesbury was silent, utterly confounded.

"Nearly every night she has one big tumbler of hot gin-and-water, sometimes more; besides; drinking plenty of ale at supper, too much, in fact; Mrs. Glisson being allowed the strong ale at that meal, while most of the other servants take beer."

"Mrs. Glisson is older than most of them," interrupted Mrs. Danesbury. "And when Mr. Danesbury suggested that Glisson might drink ale with her supper, if she preferred it to table-beer, neither he nor I imagined she would take an unseemly quantity. It is incredible!"

"I fear it is true," returned Thomas Harding. "Jessy is a clear sighted, keen girl, and is not likely to be deceived. She has seen Glisson with a black bottle to her lips in the day-time, and believed it contained gin. In speaking of this misfortune to-day, she told me Glisson was 'stupid' again, and it was in consequence

of seeing she was so, that put it into her head the cough mixture might really be on the mantle piece, overlooked by Mrs. Glisson. Jessy says she reproached her with it, in the fright of the discovery."

"But, were it true that Glisson takes gin, how can it have escaped her detection?" urged Mrs. Danesbury. "The smell would betray her."

"Jessy thinks that it is not very often she takes it in the day-time, and you don't see her, ma'am, after she has had it at night. But she has got a trick of sucking things. Sometimes it will be a bit of camphor, sometimes a peppermint drop: Jessy says she always knows what the nurse has been supping, when she sees her put one of these things into her mouth; and of course they take off the smell of anything else."

Mrs. Danesbury remembered to have smelt peppermint and camphor when the nurse had been talking; and she also remembered that Glisson had occasionally seemed stupid—bewildered—and she had wondered; but she had never suspected the cause now hinted at. "I wish Jessy had said this to me," she observed. "I should not have quitted home and left the child in her charge."

"I wish she had, ma'am, as things have turned out," responded Thomas Harding. "But very young women, going fresh into a house, would venture to bring such a charge against an old and valued servant."

"Very true. And my perfect confidence in Glisson may have tended to blind me. The puzzle is, where can she get the gin?"

"Oh, ma'am, people who give way to drink are never at a fault to get it."

Mrs. Danesbury gathered herself into her corner of the chaise, buried in an unpleasant reverie. She was casting blame to herself. Not for having failed to detect Glisson's fault; no, blame lay not with herself there: but for having suffered the laudanum bottle to be without a label. Several times had she thought of placing a label on it, but the time had gone on, and on, and this was the result. Had there been a label, Glisson was certainly not so far gone but she might have read it. "Have you, or Mrs. Harding, mentioned this doubt of Glisson to any one?" suddenly asked Mrs. Danesbury.

"Certainly not," was his reply. "And we cautioned Jessy not to let it escape her lips again."

"I am glad of that. I scarcely see my way clear, with regard to Glisson. Mr. Danesbury thinks highly of her, and she served his mother faithfully for many years, so that I feel it would not be kind, or just, to turn her away, as I might a less valued servant. I think I must bury this in silence, even to Mr. Danesbury, and keep her on for a while, and be watchful over her, and try to recall her to what she used to be. I am convinced she cannot have taken to it long. I must question Jessy: perhaps she will tell me more than she has told you."

They had been travelling at a high rate of speed all the way, and had changed horses several times, though it has not been necessary to mark their progress stop by stop. Now they were nearing Eastborough; and soon the lights in the town began to be visible. Had it been day, Mrs. Danesbury would have seen her husband's factory, rising on the opposite hill. It was, however, nearly midnight, a cold, frosty starlight night. A steep hill descended to the hollow, and at the top of the hill was the turnpike gate.

The gate was closed. The post-boy stopped his horses and hallooed; and the door opened, and the keeper came out. Mrs. Danesbury, who was on that side, leaned forward.

"Do you happen to know, Giles, whether the child is saved."

She received no answer. The man had gone forward, with a stumble, to open the gate; Mrs. Danesbury supposed he had tripped over a stone. He opened the gate; he did not fling it back, but kept it in his hand, and went stumbling across the road with it. The post-boy urged on his horses; but Giles somehow loosed his hold of the gate, and though he went on himself, he let the gate swing-to again. It struck the nearest horse.

The horse, a nasty-tempered animal at all times, as the post-boy phrased it afterwards, began to plunge and kick; that startled his fellow, and, in spite of the efforts of the post-boy, they sprang forwards, and dashed madly down the hill. Mrs. Danesbury shrieked, and rose up.

"Ma'am, ma'am, don't get up, don't lean out!" implored Thomas Harding; "be still, for the love of life! Lie you down at the bottom of the chaise."

"This is certain death," she wailed. "They will inevitably dash against the bridge; and it will be certain death. Oh, my children! My Saviour, I can but commend them to Thee! Do Thou make them Thine and keep them from the evil!"

Had it been his own wife, or one with whom he could put himself upon an equality, Thomas Harding would have forced her to the bottom of the chase and held her there. But he did not like to act so to Mrs. Danesbury. She had leaned from the side window as she spoke the last words, probably not knowing that she did so, in her agitation and terror, and certainly not aware that they were already at the foot of the hill. But they had, as it were, flown down it; the chase, in that same moment, struck against the lower stone abutment of the narrow, awkward bridge, (which every body in Eastborough had long said was a disgrace and a danger to the town, but which none had be stirred themselves to have altered) and the chaise was overturned. Mrs. Danesbury's head fell on the ground, and the chaise settled upon it.

How Thomas Harding extricated himself he never knew. Beyond being shaken and a little bruised, he was not hurt. The terrified horses had struggled and plunged till they freed themselves, and started off with part of the broken shafts dangling after them. The post-boy was lying without motion.

Thomas Harding saw at a glance the dreadful situation of Mrs. Danesbury. To raise the chaise, or aid her of himself, he was entirely powerless. At that moment, the church clock struck out twelve, and the door of a public-house, the Pig and Whistle, beyond the bridge, at the entrance of the town, was thrown open, and a stream of warm light and a crowd of topers came forth into the street together.

"Hillos! help! hillos!" shouted Thomas Harding, running towards them; "help here."

The group, most of whom were employed at the Danesbury works, halted at the noise, and peered in the direction it came. They had left a room blazing with lights and fire, and could as yet distinguish no object outside. The landlord followed with a candle; perhaps believing it would render objects more distinct.

"Blest, if it ain't Harding!" exclaimed one. "What's the matter, sir?" he cried, as his foreman came panting up.

Mr. Harding explained, as well as he was able for his haste and agitation. Some were capable of rendering assistance, some were not; those who were, flew with one accord to the fatal spot—the landlord still carrying the flaring candle, which soon flared out.

"I telled ye I heer'd somm'at like horses a galloping past, with shafts a'ter 'em," cried one of the men; "but ye was in such haste to abuse the landlord, for saying it were twelve, that ye could not heed me."

Between them they raised the chaise, and extricated Mrs. Danesbury. She lay motionless. Harding, shocked and bewildered, and hardly knowing how to act, sped off through the town to Mr. Danesbury's, whilst others ran for the surgeon, who was not found at home, but at Danesbury House. The postboy had gathered himself up, and was sitting with his back against the side of the bridge. They gently raised him, and walked him about a few steps. No limbs were broken. He shook himself, and speech came to him.

"That there Giles ought to swing for this," were the first words that broke from him.

"What had Giles to do with it?" questioned the chorus of voices.

"He were as drunk as blazes. I saw he were, when he came ducking, head over heels, to open the gate. He were so drunk he couldn't push it back, nor hold it back, and he let it come swing agen the horses."

"Did that start 'em off?"

"It just did start 'em off: I never strode such terrified, furious brutes afore. They took, as you may say, one leap from the top of the hill to the bottom, not a bit longer it didn't seem, and the chaise caught the nasty awk'ard bridge, and we went over."

"I tell you all what," cried the landlord; "something 'll be done now. The town has called out long enough about the danger of keeping such a bridge; and some folks have called out about Giles's drunkenness. It'll both be remedied now; you'll see."

"Who'll give me a arm up the hill?" cried the postboy, who was a native of Eastborough, and had driven out with Mr. Harding that afternoon, with these very horses. "I doubt if I ain't too shaky to get up it of myself. I'll go and have a word with Giles."

Two of them immediately took the postboy in tow, and they began to ascend the hill. The rest remained to keep watch over the unfortunate lady.

"Jim," cried out the landlord, "what about the horses? Where be they flown to?"

"'Taint much matter where," was the post-boy's answer, "they have done mischief enough. They be off to their stables, no doubt, they be, the cantankerous brutes."

Arrived at the turnpike, they tried the house door. It was locked; but they shook it, and kicked, and shouted till Roger Giles came and opened it; very nearly pitching forward into their arms with the exertion.

"A nice state you be in!" uttered the post-boy, "a sweet gentleman you be, to keep a pike! Do you know the damage you have gone and done?"

"Eh?" enunciated Giles. He was stupidly drunk, and his eye wandered uneasily to the spot where he kept his employers' cash; some vague idea hammering at his brain, that the three men, now entered, might have designs upon it.

"We won't go on at him now," said the postboy to his friends: "'tain't of no good. Look at the sot! But you'll both please to bear me out to my master, as to his state, so that I don't get the blame."

"This will be a bad job for you, Giles," cried one of the men. "You have took a drop once too much, my boy. Any way it will be bad, but if Mrs. Danesbury shouldn't be got-to again (and she don't look like it), I should be sorry to stand in your shoes."

They descended the hill again, and the post-boy sank down as before, with his back resting against the bridge. His exertion had made him feel dizzy. Soon, voices and rapid footsteps were heard, for several people were approaching. Foremost of them came Mr. Pratt, the surgeon, Thomas Harding, and Mr. Danesbury. Those, keeping guard, drew respectfully back, and touched their hats, even in the dark night, to Mr. Danesbury. They had brought means for a light with them, which had been thought of by Thomas Harding, and the surgeon held it to the face of Mrs. Danesbury.

"She haven't stirred, nor even moaned, sir," said the landlord of the Pig and Whistle, who, with the others, had collected close up.

"A moment, if you please," cried out the surgeon, authoritatively. "Stand back, all of you: I can do and see nothing, with you, crowding round. Mr. Danesbury, will you also allow me a moment here alone. Harding, you stay and hold the torch."

Poor Mr. Pratt! He saw that Mrs. Danesbury was dead, and had so spoken to gain time for composure, and that Mr. Danesbury might not see, unprepared, that ghastly face, which told too plainly its own tale.

All had stepped back in compliance with his wishes. Mr. Danesbury's eyes fell on the post-boy.

"Are you hurt, Jim?" he asked, kindly.

"A bit shook, sir; I don't think it's no worse. I hope it won't be no worse with nobody else, sir," he added, nodding towards where the surgeon was stooping.

"How did it happen? Mr. Harding says the gate touched the horses."

"Come swinging right agen 'em, sir; Giles were so drunk he couldn't hold it back."

"Drunk, was he?" quickly cried Mr. Danesbury.

"He were beastly drunk, sir. I have been up there to him now, some of 'em here helped me, and he can't speak, nor stand straight."

Mr. Pratt had arisen, and was at Mr. Danesbury's elbow. He passed his arm within that gentleman's, and drew him away from the crowd; halting at a certain part of the bridge, and apparently looking out, over the dark and gloomy water.

"What is it?" said Mr. Danesbury, "why do you bring me here? Have you ascertained the nature of the injury?"

"Oh, my dear friend!" cried the surgeon, "I know not how to tell you what I must tell."

Mr. Danesbury's heart sank within him; a shadow of appalling woe stole over him. But he did not speak. Perhaps he could not.

"I fear—I fear she is gone," added Mr. Pratt.

Then Mr. Danesbury clutched the surgeon's arm with a tight, nervous grasp.

"The truth," he breathed, "the truth. Let me know the worst. I can bear it better than this agony of dread."

"One consolation is, that she did not suffer. She must have died instantaneously. Her neck is broken."

Mr. Danesbury let fall the surgeon's arm. He half fell, half rested on the parapet of the bridge, and a low wail of utter anguish went forth on the night air. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

SONG.

Love me if I live!
Love me if I die!
What to me is life or death,
So that thou be nigh?

Once I loved thee rich,
Now I love thee poor;
Ah! what is there I could not
For thy sake endure?

Kiss me for my love!
Pay me for my pain!
Come and murmur in my ear
How thou lov'st, again!

☞ THANKFULNESS.—Many favors which God giveth us ravel out for want of hemming, through our own unthankfulness; for though prayer purchaseth blessings, giving praise doth keep the quiet possession of them.—*Thomas Fuller.*

☞ It is just sixteen years since Professor Morse put up the first Electric Telegraph in America. The first piece of news sent over it was the nomination of James K. Polk for President, made at Baltimore, and announced in Washington "two hours in advance of the mail."

☞ To keep eggs from spoiling, eat them while they are fresh. Of all kinds of methods, this is the only one to be relied on "in any climate."

☞ A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, springs up a sweet flower.

☞ Fast youths are now called young gentlemen of accelerated gait.

☞ "How do you get that lovely perfume?" asked one young lady of another. "It's scent to me," replied the other.

☞ An eminent teetotaller would only consent to sit for his portrait on condition that he should be taken in water colors.

☞ A civic youth, intending to offer marriage to a young lady, wrote to ask her to unite with himself in the formation of a 'Art Union.

☞ There is no greater sign of a mean and sordid man than to dote upon riches; nor is anything more magnificent than to lay them out freely in acts of bounty and liberality.

☞ Denmark has 45 horses to every hundred inhabitants, which is more than any other European country. Great Britain and Ireland have 2,500,000 horses; France 3,000,000; Austrian Empire, exclusively of Italy, 2,600,000; Russia, 3,500,000. The United States have 5,000,000 horses, which is more than any European country. The horses of the whole world are estimated at 57,420,000.

☞ It is a remark of Ainsworth's that a writer should place the lowest possible estimate upon his own productions, thereby preventing himself from feeling too strongly the mortification of a failure and enjoying with a keener relish the triumph of success.

Thine eye thine eyes, like sunny skies,
Thy chief attraction form;
I see no *sunshine* in those eyes,
They take one all by *storm*.

☞ A NEW STUDY.—Buckham officiated as Professor at the Teachers' Convention, and convulsed the audience by relating an anecdote. He said that at the first district school he ever taught, he announced one day that on the following Monday he would commence a parsing class. A bright-eyed little girl, one of the pupils, ran home and burst into her mother's parlor, where a sewing society was in session, and, with uplifted hands, cried: "Oh, mother, Mr. Buckham is going to have a sparking-class!" The sewing society was delighted to hear it.

☞ The best fencer in Paris is a beautiful young lady of Polish origin, Madamoiselle Linowski. At a soiree at the house of an aristocratic widow in the Faubourg St. Honore; who it appears is fond of fencing, and has an apartment in her house, devoted to that sort of exercise.

☞ Of all the earthly music, that which reaches the farthest into heaven is the beating of a loving heart.

☞ That plenty should produce either covetousness or prodigality is a perversion of providence; and yet the generality of men are the worse for their riches.

☞ My rule is, deliberately to consider, before I commence, whether the thing is practicable. If it be not practicable I do not attempt it. If it be practicable I can accomplish it, if I give sufficient pains to it; and having begun, I never stop till the thing is done. To this rule I owe all my success.—*John Hunter.*

☞ In a letter from Lamb to Coleridge, this passage occurs: I borrowed "Celebs in Search of a Wife," from a very neat, careful lady, and returned it with this stuff written on the fly-leaf:—

"If ever *I* marry a wife, I'll marry a landlord's daughter;
For then I may sit in the bar, and drink cold brandy and water."

☞ A witty man can make a jest, a wise man take one.

NOTES ON NURSING:

AND

The Best Means of Preserving Health.

BY FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

MEDICINE CANNOT CURE.

It is often said by women, that they cannot know anything of the laws of health, or what to do to preserve their children's health, because they can know nothing of "Pathology," or cannot "dissect,"—a confusion of ideas which it is hard to attempt to disentangle. Pathology teaches the harm that disease has done. But it teaches nothing more. We know nothing of the principle of health, the positive of which pathology is the negative, except from observation and experience. And nothing but observation and experience will teach us the ways to maintain or to bring back the state of health. It is often thought that medicine is the curative process. It is no such thing; medicine is the surgery of functions, as surgery proper is that of limbs and organs. Neither can do anything but remove obstructions; neither can cure; nature alone cures. Surgery removes the bullet out of the limb, which is an obstruction to cure, but nature heals the wound. So it is with medicine; the function of an organ becomes obstructed; medicine, as far as we know, assists nature to remove the obstruction, but does nothing more. And what nursing has to do in either case, is to put the patient in the best condition for nature to act upon him. Generally, just the contrary is done. You think fresh air, and quiet and cleanliness extravagant, perhaps dangerous, luxuries, which should be given to the patient only when quite convenient, and medicine the *sine qua non*, the panacea. If I have succeeded in any measure in dispelling this illusion, and in showing what true nursing is, and what it is not, my object will have been answered. Now for the caution:—

DISAPPOINTMENTS IN LOVE.

It seems a commonly received idea among men, and even among women themselves, that it requires nothing but a disappointment in love, the want of an object, a general disgust, or incapacity for other things, to turn a woman into a good nurse.

This reminds one of the parish where a stupid old man was set to be schoolmaster because he was "keeping the pigs."

Apply the above receipt for making a good nurse to making a good servant. And the receipt will be found to fail.

Yet popular novelists of recent days have invented ladies disappointed in love or fresh out of the drawing room turning into the war-hospitals to find their wounded lovers, and when found, forthwith abandoning their sick-ward for their lover, as might be expected. Yet in the estimation of the authors, these ladies were none the worse for that, but on the contrary were heroines of nursing.

What cruel mistakes are sometimes made by benevolent men and women in matters of business about which they can know nothing and think they know a great deal.

The everyday management of a large ward, let alone of a hospital—the knowing what are the laws of life and death for men, and what the laws of health for wards—(and wards are healthy or unhealthy, mainly according to the knowledge or ignorance of the nurse)—are not these matters of sufficient importance and difficulty to require learning by experience and careful inquiry, just as much as any other art? They do not come by inspiration to the lady disappointed in love, nor to the poor workhouse drudge hard up for a livelihood.

And terrible is the injury which has followed to the sick from such wild notions!

In this respect (and why is it so?), in Roman Catholic countries, both writers and workers are, in theory at least, far before ours. They would never think of such a beginning for a good working Superior or Sister of Charity. And many a Superior has refused to admit a *Postulant* who appeared to have no better "vocation" or reasons for offering herself than these.

It is true we make "no vows." But is a "vow" necessary to convince us that the true spirit for learning any art, most especially an art of charity, aright, is not a disgust to everything or something else? Do we really place the love of our kind (and of nursing, as one branch of it) so low as this? What would the Mere Angelique of Port Royal, what would our own Mrs. Fry have said to this?

TWO JARGONS.

NOTE.—I would earnestly ask my sisters to keep clear of both the jargons now current everywhere (for they *are* equally jargons); of the jargon, namely, about the "rights" of women, which urges women to do all that men do, including the medical and other professions, merely because men do it, and without regard to whether this is the best that women can do; and of the jargon which urges women to do nothing that men do, merely because they are women, and should be "recalled to a sense of their duty as women," and because "this is women's work," and "that is men's," and "these are things which women should not do," which is all assertion, and nothing more. Surely woman should bring the best she has, *whatever* that is, to the work of God's world, without attending to either of these cries. For what are they, both of them, the one *just* as much as the other, but listening to the "what people will say," to opinion, to the "voices from without!" And as a wise man has said, no one has ever done anything great or useful by listening to the voices from without.

You do not want the effect of your good things to be, "How wonderful for a *woman*!" nor would you be deterred from good things by hearing it said, "Yes, but she ought not to have done this, because it is not suitable for a woman." But you want to do the thing that is good, whether it is "suitable for a woman" or not.

It does not make a thing good, that it is remarkable that a woman should have been able to do it. Neither does it make a thing bad, which would have been good had a man done it, that it has been done by a woman.

Oh, leave these jargons, and go your way straight to God's work, in simplicity and singleness of heart. [THE END.]

AMERICANS NEVER GROAN WHEN WOUNDED IN BATTLE.

Dr. Bacon calls attention to a remarkable fact in the natural and moral history of the Anglo-American race—a fact demonstrated by a large amount of unimpeachable history. It is this: *Americans never groan when wounded in battle.* Dr. B. was first informed of this singular trait by a major-general in the United States army, who had been in "sixty pitched battles," (that is a large number—where were they fought?—*Ed. Post.*) and who commanded in several very important engagements, in which he was uniformly victorious against odds.

This officer in giving a familiar detailed account of one of these conflicts in which two thousand five hundred Americans, many of them volunteers and militia, were victorious over four thousand British troops, including several regiments of veterans from Wellington's Peninsular campaigns. The British made a night attack. The Americans were prepared for them except in one point of their line where there was a partial surprise.

"On the extreme right, the enemy were quickly overpowered," said the major-general. "As soon as I heard the rapid volleys of our musketry, I galloped in the direction of the sound. The night was very dark. I heard screams and groans, and immediately knew that the British were worsted."

This naturally suggested the inquiry, "What possible difference between the groans of the Britons and those of Americans?"

The major-general instantly replied, as half-surprised that a familiar and well-established fact should be strange to others, "Oh! the Americans never groan when they are wounded." He added that, immediately after this success, his attention was called to another part by heavy firing, and as he galloped in that direction, there was no sound of cries of pain, though he heard loud cheering which he knew to be from the enemy, because "the English had better lungs than the Americans," as he observed in answer to another question, and send from their chests a deeper and more sonorous shout. He added, "I knew then that our men had the worst of it, and were down. I found that my orders had been disobeyed, and that, being surprised, that battalion had sustained heavy loss without returning the fire."

He said further that, having often noticed this national peculiarity, he had inquired of many officers who had commanded during the Revolutionary war, and their experience confirmed and corresponded with his. They testified that in a night-skirmish, or assault, they could always judge which side was overpowered by this indication.

Dr. Bacon subsequently made investigations as to the difference between different nations in the power of bearing pain or suppressing complaint under it. Dr. Valentine Mott and other eminent surgeons and physicians sustain Dr. Bacon on this point. The Americans (including even little children) bear surgical operations best—the English next. The Irish and French, as a general rule, bear operations very badly. So do the Portuguese and Spaniards, under Dr. Bacon's own professional observation and experience.

The eminent American historian, George Bancroft, whose attention was called, a year ago, to these observations of Dr. Bacon, was much interested in the statement, and pronounced it to be an important contribution to history.

Dr. Bacon philosophizes upon this phenomenon by referring to climatic influences in part for the cause. The aboriginal red inhabitants of this country are renowned for their more than stoical endurance of pain under the worst of tortures. It is a trait that manifestly belongs to the *soil*. The violent extremes of heat and cold, the sudden changes, unparalleled in any other region, have an influence in inuring men born here to physical suffering, unknown in milder or more uniform climates where the changes from heat to cold, and from cold to heat are gradual and moderate.—*N. Y. Courier.*

INFORMATION FOR "JOLLY FELLOWS."—There is a tradition that brandy was at one time manufactured from the fruit of the vine; but the grapes of France having of late years followed the example of the potato, and taking to moulding and rotting, many of the French brandy makers have adopted *bituminous coal* as a substitute. They distil a potent spirit from this substance, which is thus made available for the production of two kinds of fire—one for the comfort of man, and the other for the destruction of his health, his senses, and his soul. Large quantities of alcohol distilled from coal and "doctored" with certain chemicals to give it the "Cognac flavor," are now exported from France to this country. *Coal brandy* is the latest adaptation of the good gifts of Providence to the purposes of poison-mongers, that has come to our knowledge. Coal tar has long been used for the flavoring of whiskeys, but a liquor with a coal basis is a specimen of chemistry which might well make the "best fellow" shudder.

☞ A rabid antiquarian hearing that a raven would live two hundred years, bought one to try it.

☞ The printing "craft" in Fall River are funny; they call female compositors "calico printers."

☞ RATHER COOL.—The Cleveland Plain-dealer notes as among the "characters" at masquerade in that city—*The Greek Slave!*

☞ Jones, who is a student of human nature, says that the restless ambition of woman is exemplified by the fact, that when she is won by her lover, and her lover is won by her, she is still dissatisfied until both are one in another sense.

☞ An elderly lady, who, with her daughter, has just returned from rather a rapid journey through England, France, part of Germany, and Italy, was asked, the other day, if they had visited Rome, and she replied in the negative. "La! me, yes we did," said her daughter; that was the place where we bought the bad stockings."

☞ A LONG REACH.—A person more ingenious than scrupulous paid an account by a note at two months; but on presenting it at the end of that period, the holder found it was drawn payable two months after death, instead of after date.

THE WAY TO TELL THE TIME OF NIGHT BY THE STARS.

With suitable instruments, the time can be ascertained by the stars *more* accurately than it can in any other way; and it is easy to tell it approximately, say within half an hour, without any instruments whatever. Let us describe a simple, rough device for this purpose, as the easiest mode of explaining how it may be done by the unaided action of the eye and judgment.

Take a keg or barrel hoop, or hoop of wire, and divide it into twenty-four equal spaces, marking the dividing points for hour points. Connect the opposite hour points by lines of fine twine drawn across the diameter of the hoop. Hang the apparatus against a north window, and place the eye in a line with the middle of the hoop (where the wires cross each other), and the north star. Now any of the fixed stars, in its daily revolutions about the pole, will pass from one wire to the next in an hour. Let us select the nearest pointer in the "dipper" (Alpha, Ursa Major) for the hour-hand of our great clock of the heavens. Place the eye at such a distance from the apparatus as to bring this star just within the hoop, keeping the centre of the hoop in a line with the North Pole. On the 5th of March, the star Alpha, Ursa Major, will be on the meridian, directly over the north star, and, consequently, in line with the upper vertical wire of our apparatus at twelve o'clock, midnight; and as it passes from one wire to the next in an hour, if it is seen in line with the first wire at the right of the vertical one, the time will be eleven o'clock; if in line with the second wire at the right, ten o'clock; and so on. While if it has passed the middle, and reached the first wire at the left, the time indicated is one o'clock; the second wire two o'clock; and so on.

This star, in common with all the other fixed stars, comes to the meridian about four minutes earlier each night or day than it did on the preceding night or day. Consequently, on the 5th of April it will reach the vertical wire at ten o'clock at night, and the other wires at corresponding times; and this variation continues at the rate of two hours in each month throughout the year.

From this description, the mode will be readily understood of telling the time of night by the stars without the aid of instruments. We require to learn two stars—the pole star and that one of the pointers which is the nearer one to it—to remember that this latter part is directly over the north star at midnight on the 5th of March, and comes to the meridian two hours earlier on the 5th of each month than it did on the preceding month. As the star revolves around the circle in 24 hours, it will, of course, revolve one-fourth the distance in 6 hours, being at right angles to the meridian 6 hours from the time it is on the meridian, and at an angle of 45 deg. three hours from that time.

The apparatus which we have described will be more accurate if the top is inclined forward from the perpendicular at an angle corresponding with the latitude of the place in which the observer is located, bringing it perpendicular to the axis of the earth, and in a place parallel with the plane of the equator.

KNOWING TOO MUCH.

We find in one of the Memphis papers the following anecdote of a man who knew too much:

During the administration of President Jackson, there was a singular young gentleman employed in the public service in Washington. His name was G.; he was from Tennessee, the son of a widow, a neighbor of the President, on which account the old hero had a kind feeling for him, and always got him out of his difficulties with some of the higher officials, to whom his singular interferences were distasteful.

Among the other things, it is said of him that while he was employed in the general Post Office, on one occasion he had to copy a letter of Major H., a high officer, in answer to an application from an old gentleman in Virginia or Pennsylvania, for the establishment of a new post office. The writer of the letter often used classical language; in this letter he said the application could not be granted, in consequence of the applicant's "proximity" to another office. When the letter came into G.'s hands to copy, being a great stickler for plainness, he altered "proximity" to "nearness to." Major H. observed it, and asked G. why he altered it. Why, replied G., because I don't think the man would understand what you mean by proximity. Well, said Major H. try him; put in the "proximity" again.

In a few days a letter was received from the applicant, in which he very indignantly said:—"That his father had fought for liberty in the first, and he himself in the second war of independence, and that he would like to have the name of the scoundrel who brought the charge of proximity or anything else wrong against him?" "There," said G., "did I not say so?" G. carried his improvements so far, that Mr. Barry, the Postmaster General, said to him, "I do not want you here any longer; you know too much." Poor G. went out, but his old friend, the General, again got him another place. This time G.'s ideas underwent a change. He was one day very busy, when a stranger called in and asked him where the Patent Office was.

"I don't know," said G. "Can you tell me where the Treasury Department is?" said the stranger. "No," said G. "Nor the President's House?" "No." The stranger finally asked him if he knew where the Capitol was? "No," replied G. "Do you live in Washington, sir," said the stranger. "Yes, sir," said G. "Good Lord! and don't know where the Patent Office, Treasury, President's House and Capitol are?" "Stranger," said G., "I was turned out of the Post-Office for knowing too much. I don't mean to offend in that way again. I am paid for keeping this book. I believe I know that much; but if you find me knowing anything more, you may take my head." "Good morning," said the stranger.

☞ An old Scotch parson, praying after a flowery young brother had preached, said: "Lord bless thy young servant; and with thy great wisdom prick him with thy Spirit, and let the wind out of him."

NEWS ITEMS.

During the night of the 10th of April, Mr. G. P. R. James, the well-known novelist, had an attack of paralysis at Venice, where he is Consul General.

Schamyl, the captive Circassian leader, finds great fault with the uncovered shoulders of the Russian ladies; in fact, he considers their whole toilet very immoral. I can imagine the terror of the ladies on learning that the Imaum has this opinion of them; their indignation will no doubt cease when they find that Schamyl disapproves of low-necked dresses, because the necks and shoulders appear to him to offer too much temptation. When he is invited to any party he now asks whether there are to be women there, and if so, he declines the invitation. The Imaums of other religions would probably do well to follow his prudent example.

The officers of the Wildfire say that when they left the coast of Africa there were fourteen American vessels waiting for cargoes of negroes. The barque Williams left eight days before her, with 750 on board. Two Spanish armed steamers were also waiting at the Congo river for cargoes of 1,500 negroes each, bound for Cuba.

Macdonald, accused of killing his former paramour, Virginia Stuart, recently committed suicide in his cell, at New York. He left a letter denying that he ever was a murderer. As to Virginia Stewart, he says he loved her better than his hopes of Heaven, and he was not afraid to meet her spirit before the bar of judgment.

Singing during an Amputation.—The Hampshire (Mass.) Gazette says a little girl, not two years old, had her foot, which had been smashed by a railroad car, amputated while under the influence of chloroform. Before the operation was completed the little unfortunate opened her eyes, as she lay upon the table, and being unconscious of pain, commenced singing as cheerfully as if she were at play. It was a touching scene.

Beans and Bribery.—Mr. Bean, editor and proprietor of the Messenger, at Fremont, Ohio is a model of incorruptibility. In 1858 he was Clerk of the House, under Mr. Allen, and he testifies before the Covode Committee that he received $5,000 from Mr. Wendell just before the passage of the English bill. He further testifies that he tried to influence no votes with it, but simply put the money in his pocket, and declares that it did not even influence *his own opinion!* That man "knew Beans," but Wendell didn't.—*Exchange.*

The deficiency of Mr. Fowler, New York Postmaster, is $175,000, for which there are sureties for $75,000.

A woman in New Orleans was married on the 8th instant to her eighth husband. She has married every year since 1852, and each year one husband dies, to be shortly succeeded by another.—*Exchange.*

Business Places in Philadelphia.—The City Treasurer's list of establishments in Philadelphia liable to pay mercantile taxes, shows that the total number is fourteen thousand four hundred, a tolerably respectable number for a provincial town.

Funny.—The following announcement, hardly agreeable to the feelings of the lady named, is from the London Gazette of May 1:

"Lord Chamberlain's Office, April 28.

"Notice is hereby given, that the presentation of Mrs. Duncan Stewart, at Her Majesty's Drawing-Rooms, on Saturday, the 24th of March last, took place through inadvertence."

Mrs. Stewart was presented by the Countess of Fife, but what has caused the above announcement is not known.

The Deaf Made to Hear.—A letter from Paris tells a strange story of a recent discovery in science, culminating in a melancholy denouement. A governess in private families had under her charge a little Russian boy, who had been born deaf and dumb. The gentle disposition of the boy greatly endeared him to the governess, who devoted much of her time to developing his intelligence, and enabling him to keep pace with her other pupils. After many sleepless nights, and many experiments, the lady finally resolved that sulphuric ether was the talisman to be employed in opening the world to her poor little prisoner. Its application proved successful; numerous other experiments indicated that the grand secret had been discovered; the Monthyon Prize was awarded to the lady; and she rapidly rose from poverty and dependence to wealth and fame as a benefactor of her race. But, alas! the sudden transition was too much for a mind so long overburdened by study and devotion to a single object; the reason of the poor lady gave way, and she has since been conveyed, a hopeless maniac, to a *maison de sante*, at Montmartre.

A Daring Imposition.—An extraordinary affair is related in the Russian journals. Prince Neavitzky was some years ago murdered by his servant, who possessed himself of his papers and fortune, and assuming the name of the Prince, travelled abroad for some years, living in good style. Afterward returning, he married a wealthy heiress named Sokoloff, and had by her several children. Recently, his imposture was discovered, and he has been sent to the mines of Siberia; but the Russian Government has authorized the children and the wife to continue to bear the name of Neavitzky. This case is similar to one which occurred in France in the time of the Restoration. An escaped convict named Cogniard, possessed himself of the family papers of Count Pontis de Sainte-Helene, and by means of them not only assumed his name and title, but caused himself to presented at Court, and actually succeeded in obtaining the grade of Lieutenant-Colonel in the army. He was, however, after a while, discovered, and sent back to the bagne.

The Boy Carried Over Niagara Falls.—In reference to this accident, the account of which we published a few days ago, the Thorold (C. W.) Gazette says:

"On Sunday, the 6th instant, Mrs. Macklem, widow of the late Dr. Macklem, of Chippawa, and her brother, Thomas C. Street, Esq., accompanied by Mrs Macklem's eldest boy, about eight years of age, were crossing the bridge to the beautiful little island below Mr. Street's residence, in the Niagara river, when the boy was walking behind his mother and uncle, and somehow slipped over the bridge into the river, and was instantly carried into the rapids over the Falls. He was not seen falling into the river, nor missed until another boy who was walking along the bank, seeing his hat floating on the surface, gave the alarm. The feelings of the mother and the uncle, under the severe stroke thus suddenly inflicted upon them, can be better imagined than described. The child was not seen after he fell into the water, nor has any trace of the body been discovered since."

A Singular Case.—The dead body found in the water at Jersey City, said to be that of Mrs. Ada Richardson, must be that of some other person—as Mrs. Ada Richardson is now alive in New York. It is a rather remarkable circumstance that several of the prominent marks which were represented to be on Mrs. Richardson's face are not to be found now. Her ears are not slit, and there are no bunions on her feet, nor has she a thick nail on one of her toes, although it was positively stated on the coroner's inquest that these marks were there. It is thought by many that there was an ulterior design in the identification of the body in Jersey City as Mrs. Richardson's, and the further investigation that is on foot may possibly reveal a very interesting state of facts.

Board of Health.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 189—Adults 100, and children 89.

THE COLUMBUS ORANGE GIRL—A REAL LIFE ROMANCE.

The citizens of Columbus (Ohio) and visitors at the capitol will recollect a beautiful young girl, apparently "sweet sixteen," who daily carried about the legislative halls and State offices a handsomely-wrought basket, containing the plumpest and sweetest oranges. Oh, yes! everybody remembers Ettie, the beautiful orange girl, and have wondered in what nook she has hidden for the past two months; for no more her sweet face and girlish form is seen in the capitol, and interesting clerks, with a great admiration for the rotunda, are obliged to forego glimpses of the neatest gaitered foot tripping up the marble stairs.

Everybody about the State House admired Ettie, but it was with a respectful admiration, and if a gruff legislator was tempted to jest with the girl, or make light remarks, he was restrained by the modest demeanor and pure soul-look appealing from her heaven-blue eyes.

Ettie always brought a full basket, and went tripping home with an empty one, and her scarlet silk purse filled with silver coin. She was the sole dependence of a widowed, palsied mother, and her noble effort to keep away want were known, and made the fruit from her basket ten times sweeter.

When the great Union meeting of the Tennessee, Kentucky, and Ohio legislatures was held in Ohio's capitol, the beautiful orange girl was tripping about, disposing of her fruit to the "sons of the South," and receiving the homage of admiring glances from all.

At the end of one of the halls, viewing the noble row of princely residences on Third street, stood, alone, a youthful member of the Tennessee legislature, when he was startled by a silvery voice, asking:

"Buy an orange, sir?"

"How do you sell them?" said the stranger, looking into her eyes.

"Five cents each," said the maiden, holding a large one towards him.

"Cheap."

"Indeed they are."

This introduction opened the way for a prolonged and serious conversation, which the girl artlessly revealed to the stranger the poverty of her home, and the necessity of her supporting her sick mother. He was so struck with the girl's manner and singular beauty that he secretly resolved to visit her home and become more intimately acquainted. He did so, and after successive visits won the confidence and love of the maiden, and the mother's consent to their marriage; and when he went back to his southern home it was with a promise to return in a fortnight for his bride. He came, and now the manly southerner and the beautiful orange girl are man and wife. He has taken her, the fairest of the fair, to his southern home, to dwell with him and her aged mother, in opulence.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.

The Republican Convention at Chicago, nominated Abram Lincoln, of Illinois, for the Presidency—and Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, for the Vice Presidency.

The great contest in the Convention was between Seward and Lincoln. Seward led off on the first ballot with 173 votes, to Lincoln's 102—the rest scattered between Messrs. Bates, McLean, Chase, Cameron, &c. On the second ballot Pennsylvania withdrew the name of Cameron, and cast her vote for Lincoln, which plainly showed "the coming man." On the third ballot Lincoln reached 230½, or within 1½ of a majority—when State after State altered its vote until the vote stood Lincoln 350, Seward 111½. Then New York moved that the nomination be made unanimous, the motion being carried amid great enthusiasm.

At the evening session, Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine, was nominated for the Vice Presidency on the second ballot—C. M. Clay, of Ky., being his principal competitor.

The platform adopted enunciates the usual Republican principles, with a tariff plank, and a plank preservative of the rights of the foreign born population.

Abram Lincoln was born in Kentucky in 1809, and is of Pennsylvania Quaker descent. He has risen from the position of a laborer on a farm to his present position. He was for many years a principal leader of the old Whig party of Illinois, and a warm supporter of Henry Clay.

Hannibal Hamlin was a prominent Democratic leader in Maine until 1854, when he joined the Republicans. He was afterwards elected Governor of Maine, and is now one of the U. S. Senators from that State. He was surprised at receiving the news of his nomination.

Latest News from Europe.—Garibaldi has left Sardinia to join the Sicilian insurrectionists—the Piedmontese government forbade his departure, but he got off safely. The King of Naples has asked the Northern powers for counsel. The Sicilians wish to annex Sicily and Naples to Sardinia, and have a united Italy.

Prussia is putting her army on a war footing, fearing an invasion from France. England is manufacturing Armstrong guns day and night.

1,000 Irishmen are about enrolling themselves in the army of the Pope. The French soldiers will not leave Rome until the Pope feels assured that he can preserve tranquility without them.

The Great Eastern is advertised to sail from Southampton for New York on the 9th of June.

Cotton and Breadstuffs are quiet. Provisions generally quiet. Bacon has advanced.

All are not just because they do no wrong;
But he, who will not wrong me when he may,
He only is the truly Just. I praise not them
Who in their petty dealings pilfer not;
But him whose conscience spurns a secret fraud
When he *might* plunder, and defy surprise.
His be the praise who, looking down with scorn
On the false judgment of the part al herd,
Consults his own clear heart, and boldly dares
To *be*, not to be thought, an honest man!

—*Philemon.*

☞ Among the wines of Switzerland bordering on those of Germany, which are noted as of moment, is the "Wine of Blood," or "Sang des Suisses," so called because the vineyards occupy the ground on which the Swiss defeated the Dauphin of France, at the head of 30,000 men, in 1444, the Swiss being only 1,600 men, 16 of whom alone survived!

"None patriot deeds forget,
Basle still tells the tale;
Ages have past, and Switzers yet
Rejoice in their proud vale."

It is said that the Swiss died of weariness in killing, except the 16 mentioned.

☞ There is one thing which the most unobservant person manages to see—that which we do not want him to see.

☞ It is intimated by a shrewd friend of ours, that cheating and jockeying at horse races are matters *of course*.

☞ The following is a speech by a successful competitor for the prize at a skate race:—"Gentlemen, I have won this cup by the use of my legs; I trust I may never lose the use of my legs by the use of this cup."

☞ Sorrow comes soon enough without despondency; it does a man no good to carry around a lightning rod to attract trouble.

☞ Books and learning may give a man power and confidence; but, unfortunately, they are often very far from giving him either feeling or politeness.

☞ A Small Reward.—A rich banker gave a beggar half a dollar, when the latter exclaimed with gratitude:

"May heaven reward you a thousand times!"

"Well, what would that amount to?—only five hundred dollars!" answered the rich man, smiling.

☞ Niebuhr, speaking of a lady who had patronized him, said, "I will receive roses and myrtles from female hands, but no laurels."

☞ The man who insists upon speaking upon every subject very often talks at random.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been very little movement in flour, during the past week, and some holders, in order to meet the views of buyers, have reduced their prices 12½@25c ₱ bbl, without resulting in much business, the inquiry, both for shipment and home use, being exceedingly limited at the decline, and only some 4000 bbls found buyers, mostly in small lots, part to go East, at $5,87½@6 for standard and good superfine, $6,12½@6,25 for extras, the latter for Lancaster county; $6,37½@6,75 for family, and $7@7,50 ₱ bbl for fancy brands, as in quality, the market closing very dull at the above figures. Rye Flour is but little inquired for, and selling, in a small way only, at $4,12½@4,25 ₱ bbl. Corn Meal is unsettled and lower, with sales of 1000 bbls Pennsylvania to note at $3,60 for a better brand, and $3,50 ₱ bbl for standard Pennsylvania meal.

GRAIN—There has been rather more Wheat offering this week, and prices, under a moderate demand for milling, are unsettled and 5@7c ₱ bus lower than last week, the sales reach about 30,000 bus, part for shipment at $1,35@1,45 for fair to good and choice reds, and $1,50@1,60 for good to prime white in store and afloat, the market closing dull. Rye is scarce, and Pennsylvania has been selling at 88@90c, the latter in a small way. Corn met with a fair demand for shipment early in the week, but the inquiry, within a day or two, has fallen off, and the market closed unsettled and extremely dull; the sales comprise about 30,000 bus yellow at 76@75c for prime lots; 65@72c for inferior, as to condition, and 73c for white. Oats are steady, with further sales of 15,000 bus at 45@45½c for Pennsylvania, and 44½c for Delaware. Barley and Malt are quiet.

PROVISIONS—There is very little movement in bbld Meats, and prices are without alteration, Mess Pork selling in a small way at $18,25@18,50, and city Mess Beef at $15@16 ₱ bbl. A sale of dried Beef was made at 10½c. Bacon is also moving off in a small way, part to go South, at 10@12c for plain and fancy Hams; 10½c for Sides, and 8½c for Shoulders, usual terms. Of green Meats the stocks are light and the market firmer, especially for Shoulders in salt, which are wanted at 7½@7½c. Sides are quoted at 9½@9½c, and Hams, in salt and pickle 9½@10c, usual terms, with sales of 500 pkgs at quotations. Lard is firmer, and small sales of prime Western are making at 11½c for bbls and tcs, now held higher, and 12½@12½c for kegs, cash and time. Butter is dull, Roll selling slowly at 13@18c, the latter for choice. For Grease there is more demand, and considerable sales are reported at 8c. Cheese is steady at 11@11½c for New York. Eggs are more plenty, and sales are reported at 11@11½c ₱ dozen.

COTTON—The receipts and stocks are moderate, but the advices from abroad have imparted more firmness to the market, and buyers have taken hold more freely, the week's sales reaching about 1400 bales, in lots, at from 7 up to 12½@13½c for inferior to good middling and middling fair qualities, mostly Uplands, cash and time.

BARK—There is not much Quercitron offering or selling, the demand having fallen off, and a few small sales of 1st No 1 only have been made at $29 ₱ ton.

BEESWAX—There is very little offering or selling, and we quote Yellow at 34@35c ₱ lb.

COAL orders are coming in rather more freely, and prices are unchanged. Schuylkill White Ash Lump $3,20@3,35; Prepared do $3,20@3,35; Red Ash do $3,35@3,50. Lehigh Lump $3,75; Prepared do $3,62; by retail do $4,50; Schuylkill Prepared $4,25.

COFFEE—The arrivals are light, and mostly all confined to Laguayra, of which some further small sales are reported at 14c. Some small sales of Rio are also reported at 12½@14c, on time, as to quality. The demand is limited and holders firm in their views

COPPER continues dull. Of Yellow Metal there is about the usual business to notice at quotations.

FEATHERS continue scarce, and a small business only to note at 48@50c ₱ lb.

FRUIT—There is a fair business doing in Oranges and Lemons, and some 7000 boxes have been disposed of from the vessel on terms kept private. Nothing doing in other kinds. Domestic Fruit is dull, and Dried Apples are selling at 5@6c ₱ lb, as to lots. Peaches continue scarce and high, with but little doing in the way of sales.

HIDES are firmly held, but the sales of dry Hides have been mostly in a small way by the trade, at steady rates; a cargo from Porto Cabello, just in, remains unsold. Slaughter continue in good request at full rates.

HOPS move off slowly at 10@14c ₱ lb for Eastern and Western, as to quality.

IRON—The market for this staple is dull but steady, at previous quoted rates, with further sales of about 800 tons Anthracite Pig Metal, mostly No. 2, at $22, on time. Some small sales of Scotch Pig are also reported at $20½@25, as to lots, on time. Blooms and Boiler Iron are very quiet. Of Pipe mills are reported in lots at $40@45 ₱ ton, as to size, on time. In Bars and Rails there is very little movement, and there is no alteration in prices, but orders are scarce.

LEAD is quiet and the stock light; a small sale of Virginia was made at $5,80, and 2500 pigs Galena at a price not public, said to be at about $5,87½ the 100 lbs.

LEATHER—Holders are very firm in their views, and good slaughter meets with ready sale at fully former rates, the tendency, if anything, being upward.

LUMBER—The market has been somewhat unsettled by the recent freshets in the interior, and holders of white Pine have put up their prices fully $1 ₱ M. The damage, however, is not so great as at first reported, and there has been very little selling at the advance. Yellow Sap Boards move off as wanted at $14@16 ₱ M. A large auction sale of Southern flooring was made a few days ago at $19@22 ₱ M, equal to cash.

MOLASSES—There is not much movement in the market, prime lots only, which are scarce, being in request at full prices. Sales include some 200 casks Cuba Muscovado at 28@30c, and 350 bbls fair New Orleans at 46@47c, all on the usual credit.

PLASTER—There is not much arriving, and sales are reported at $2,75@3 ₱ ton.

SEEDS—There is very little Cloverseed offering or selling, and some 500 bus have been picked up, in lots, at $4@4,75 for common to prime, mostly at $4,50 to $4,62½ ₱ bus. Timothy is scarce, and in the absence of sales we quote it at $3,50@3,75 ₱ bus. Domestic Flaxseed is selling on arrival at $1,62 ₱ bus.

SPIRITS There is very little doing in foreign, but the prices of Brandies are fully sustained, and firm. N. E. Rum is selling at 35@36. Whiskey continues dull, Pennsylvania bbls selling moderately at 21½c; Ohio do, 22@22½, drudge 20@20½c and hhds at 21@21½c.

SUGARS have been arriving freely, but the market is more active, and prices at the close a fraction better. The sales include some 1600 hhds, in lots, at 6½@7½c for Cuba, 6@6½c for New Orleans, and from 6½ up to 8c for Porto Rico, on time. The refiners have also put up their prices ½c ₱ lb.

TALLOW continues steady, with rather more doing in city rendered at 10½c ₱ lb.

TOBACCO—The market remains inactive, and prices without any quotable change, the sales being confined to small lots at steady rates, including Seed Leaf.

WOOL—The near approach of the shearing season has had a tendency to unsettle and depress the market for this staple very much, and buyers are not disposed to operate to any extent at the present asking rates, which are nearly nominal; the sales generally being in a small way at irregular prices.

☞ Let us recollect the admonition of a famous man, that the humblest persons are bound to give an account of their leisure; and, in the midst of solitudes, to be of some use to society. The spare minutes of a year are mighty laborers, if kept to their work. They overthrow and build up; dig, or empty. There is a tradition in Barbary that the sea was once absorbed by nuts.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to 1200 head. The prices ranged from $10@ 100 lbs, and ordinary and good at from $8 to 10 ₱ 100 lbs. Sheep—3500 head were sold at from 4½ to 5½c ₱ lb shorn. 1800 head of Hogs were sold at from $7 to 8 for still fed, and from 7½ to 8½ ₱ 100 lbs for corn fed. Cows—150 head were sold at from $20 to 60, according to quality and condition.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

May 19.—FLOUR is steady; sales of 13,000 bbls. State and Ohio brands are unchanged. Southern heavy at $5,85@6,50. Wheat has a declining tendency; 15,000 bus sold at 140c for red Western, 165c for white, 126c for Milwaukee Club, 120@121½c for Chicago spring. Corn has also a declining tendency; mixed 71@72c, yellow 73c.—Whiskey drooping; sales at 22c.

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 16th instant, at the residence of the bride's father, by the Rev. Jas. M. Crowell, Mr. John C. Donaldson, of Pottsville, Schuylkill county, to Miss Martha Bellas, daughter of Thos. Bellas, Esq. of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. James W. Hodge, to Mrs. Mary E. Tilman.

On Monday, 14th instant, by the Rev. Geo. Duffield, Jr., Mr. George F. Coleman, to Miss Josephine, daughter of Jos. Aitken, Esq. both of this city.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. J. M. Douglas, Mr. David Geisler, to Miss Hannah E. Marsden, daughter of John Marsden, Esq. both of this city.

At Moorestown, N. J., May 9th, by the Rev. H. Hastings Weld, Charles H. Tatem, of Norristown, Pa. to Adelle A. daughter of the late John S Doughten, of New Albany, In.

On the 10th instant, by the Rev. John Chambers, Mr Edward C. Markley, Jr. to Miss Lizzie Bickley, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 13th of fifth month, Ruthanna Jones, daughter of John and Mary S. Jones, of Cheltenham, in her 38th year.

On the morning of the 11th instant, Mary T. Pleasants, relict of the late Jos. Pleasants, in her 77th year.

On the morning of the 10th instant, Jesse Curtis Clay, son of the Rev. J. C. and S. Clay, in his 16th year.

On Tuesday morning, the 15th instant, Franklin Comly, in his 66th year.

On the 14th instant, Mrs. Isabella Davis, wife of the Rev. Jas. M. Davis, and daughter of Mr. Geo. W. McClelland.

On the 14th instant, Daniel Eckman, aged 51 years.

On the morning of the 13th instant, after a long illness, Elizabeth A. Erb, wife of Mahlon H. Erb, and daughter of Eli Tomkins, aged 23 years.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. Martha J. Evenly, aged 39 years.

On the 13th instant, Joseph Hutty, in his 48th year.

On the 13th instant, Eliza A. Lyndall, widow of the late Benj. Lyndall, in her 43d year.

THE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady:—

	Bid.	Asked.
LOANS.		
U S 6 pr ct, 1856		
" " '62	104	—
" " '67	106	—
" " '68	106	—
" " coupon '74s	102½	—
Phila 6 pr ct, old	103½	103
" " new	106½	107
" 5 "	84	—
Pitts 6 pr ct,	75	—
" " coupon	43	50
Allg'y City 6 pr ct	75	73
" County	43	50
Penn 6 pr ct	104	—
" "	96½	97
Penn 6 "	51½	52
" 5 " coupon	94	—
Kentucky 6 pr ct	—	104½
Missouri "	89½	—
Ohio " '586	93½	—
N Carolina 6 pr ct	96½	96½
Virginia "	97½	—
Ind State 5 pr ct	92	—
Cal State 7 pr ct new bonds	94½	99
N Y City, 6 pr ct	114	116
BANK STOCKS, &c. PHILADELPHIA.		
North America	142	143
Philadelphia	116½	117
Far & Mec	56½	57½
Commercial	43	44½
N Liberty	—	61
Mechanics	26½	26½
Southwark	69	—
P Township	34	35½
Kensington	60	—
Girard	46	46½
Western	—	68
Man & Mec	26½	27
Commerce	—	70
Tradesmen's	69½	—
City	43	—
Consolidation	22½	—
Commonwealth	31	32½
Corn Exchange	—	21½
Germantown	—	48
Pittsburg, Pitt'bg	56	—
Exchange "	56	—
Kentucky, Ky	125	126
Northern	126	—
Louisville "	125	—
Farmers "	114	—
Union, Nash, Tenn	90	—
Planters "	—	100
N O Gas Light	101	—
Com & R R Bank,	—	—
Vicksburg "	9	98
Washington Gas Light Co	24	25
Lehigh Zinc	14½	15
New Creek "	—	—
New Grenada "	—	14
N America Ins'co	17	20
N Liberties Gas	30	—
Southwark and Frankford R R	83½	84
Bonds	92	93
RAILROAD STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Pennsylvania RR 1st mort bonds	101	10[illegible]
2nd "	99	99½
" stock	39	39½
Cam & Amboy 6 pr ct bonds, 1864	—	95
" stock	130	132
Reading R R 6 pr ct bonds, '70	82	82½
mort 6's '44	—	—
" '56	72½	73
" stock	21½	22
Lehigh Valley R R mort 6 pr ct	93½	95
" stock	46	—
Phil, Wil & Balt stock	43	44
6 pr ct loan, '60	97½	98
Ches Val R R, '70	90½	—
Tioga R R '75	—	65
Williams & Elmira 7's 1st mort	60	62
" 2nd "	10	—
" stock	1	1½
Catawissa "	5	7
Beaver Meadow stock	—	63½
" preferred 10 pr ct	68	—
North Penn's R R stock	8	9½
6 pr ct loan	65½	70
Phil & Erie & Nor R R stock & int'rest due	58	60
6 pr ct loan	97	102
Minehill R R	61½	—
Har & Lan R R stock	57½	58
bonds '83	90	—
L Schuylkill R R stock	13	15
Long Island R R stock	7	7½
bonds	85	90
Erie R R stock	—	—
Hudson River R R	—	—
N Y Central	90½	—
Michigan Central	47	48½
Illinois "	97	—
Michigan Southern	77	—
CANAL STOCKS AND LOANS.		
Sch'll Nav 6 pr ct loan, '97	74½	74½
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Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, No. 39 South Third Street.

Philadelphia, May 19, 1860.

PENNSYLVANIA.		ALABAMA.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 2 dis
NEW JERSEY.		MISSISSIPPI.	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
DELAWARE		LOUISIANA	
Solv bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
MARYLAND.		OHIO.	
Baltimore	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	KENTUCKY.	
NEW YORK.		Solv bks	1 to 1½ dis
Sol bks	par to ¼ dis	INDIANA.	
MAINE.		State bank	1 to 1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	ILLINOIS.	
NEW HAMPSHIRE		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MISSOURI.	
VERMONT.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TENNESSEE.	
CONNECTICUT.		Old bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	MICHIGAN.	
MASSACHUSETTS.		Solv bks	1½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	WISCONSIN.	
RHODE ISLAND.		Solv bks	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	TEXAS.	
VIRGINIA.		Commercial and Agricultural bank, Galveston	— dis
Solv bks	½ to 1 dis	IOWA.	
DIST. OF COLUMBIA.		State bk	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	KANSAS.	
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Wit and Humor.

PLAIN AS DAY.

Some time since, while in the employ of a well established mercantile house, I witnessed a laughable incident. Mr. F., the senior partner of the firm, was a great boaster. He boasted of his great business qualifications—his keen perception, &c. But above all, the old gentleman boasted of being a good and plain penman. This, none could deny, for the reason that none had ever seen a sample of his penmanship; for he never wrote or answered letters himself. But it one day happened that Mr. F. received a message from a neighboring house, that required an immediate answer, and being so busy that he could not answer it in person, he hastily wrote a few lines, and despatched them. Soon the messenger returned and handed Mr. F. a note. Supposing it to be an answer to his own, Mr. F. opened it; but with all his business tact, he could not decipher three words, and handing it to one of his partners, he remarked, with a contemptuous smile: "Pretty writing, that; who the deuce does he suppose can read it: If I could not write decently, I would not write at all" "Beg pardon, sir," said the messenger, "but that is the reason Mr. A. sent it back; *he* could not read it *himself*" "Read it! How the deuce does he expect *I* can read it then?" "But, sir, that is *your own writing*." "Eh! what! My writing?" And Mr. F.'s face changed color, as he grasped the missive from his partner's hand, and again bringing it to the light, exclaimed, "Why, bless me, so it is; *and just as plain as day!*" This caused a roar of laughter among the party present. And from that day, the merchant-prince was no more heard to boast of his exquisite penmanship.—*Notes by a Clerk.*

"CAN YOU EAT CROW?"—Lake Mahopac was at one season so much crowded, or rather the hotels in its immediate vicinity were, that the farm-houses were filled with visitors. One of the worthy farmers residing there was especially worried almost to death by *bore* ders. They found fault with his table—this thing was bad, and that wasn't fit to eat!

"Darn it," said old Isaac, one day, "what a fuss you are making. I can eat anything."

"Can you eat crow?" said one of his young boarders.

"Yes, I kin eat crow."

"Bet you a hat," said his guest.

The bet was made, a crow caught, and nicely roasted; but, before serving up, they contrived to season it with a good dose of Scotch snuff.

Isaac sat down to the crow. He took a good bite, and began to chew away.

"To be sure I kin eat crow." Another bite, and an awful face! "Yes, I kin eat—crow—(symptoms of nausea,)—I kin—eat—crow; but I'll be darn'd if I hanker arter it!"

Poor Isaac arose from the crow feast in somewhat of a hurry and bolted towards the back of the house!

FEELING HIS DIGNITY.—Only a day or two since, we chanced to hear a darkey delivering himself somewhat after the manner of one of his race in Old Virginia, as noticed by the Petersburg Express of a late date, in this wise: In front of the Central Warehouse, a philosophical darkey, leaning lazily against one of the wheels of a dray, thus delivered himself to a brother John, who was disposing of himself similarly: "All niggers ought to feel de dignity of bein' niggers, 'cept free niggers what dunno what dignity am. Dis minuit I'm wuff about fifteen hundred dollars," and he gave a demonstrative gesture with his left forefinger, "and a heap o' white folks can't say dat for *dey*selves. Now dar," and he pointed to a gentlemanly vagrant, "is a white man; he couldn't turn hisself into money to save his life. More 'n dat, he ai' wuff nuffin, he dunno nuffin, and he wo' do nuffin. I feels de dignity of de fack, and dat's what makes me say what I do say!"

SCENE IN COURT.—A few days since, in a Western court, the following incident took place. The lawyers inside the bar were very noisy, holding loud conversation, so that the evidence of witnesses could scarcely be heard.

The Deputy Sheriff rapped on the desk with a knife, of ponderous handle. Still the noise was unabated. After a pause he again rapped for order, but the lawyers chatted on. The Deputy Sheriff again brought down his knife on the table with three tremendous raps, as he looked daggers at the disturbers.

"Look yer," says Colonel ——, a member of the bar, rising suddenly to his feet, with remarkable gravity of countenance; "Judge, it is impossible for gentlemen to hold conversation while that person (pointing to the Deputy Sheriff,) is allowed to make the noise he does."

This cool speech brought roars of laughter, in which, of course, the court joined.

RATHER BLUNT.—In a family with whom I am acquainted, there is a four year old, who rejoices in the name of Harry. Harry's mother had been very sick, and his grandmother had made frequent visits to the house during the time of her daughter's sickness. When the mother recovered, the grandmother, thinking her services no longer needed, discontinued her frequent visits, and only called occasionally. On her visiting the house one evening, she was much surprised at hearing Harry ask why she did not call during the week previous.

"Oh," said she, "you didn't want me, did you?"

"No," said he, with the most innocent expression imaginable, "but don't you often come when we don't want you?"

A LITTLE POT IS SOON HOT.—"Mother, mother, you never saw such a man as Mr. Small is!"

"How so, my son?"

"Because he goes mad so easily."

"What makes you think so?"

"I was going down the street, and there came up a gust of wind and blew Mr. Small's hat off, and then how he did rave and tear round about it."

"La, well, my son, remember 'a little pot is soon hot.'"

ANECDOTE OF SCHWARTS.—Sanerant relates the following anecdote of Christopher Schwarts, a famous German painter, which, if true, redounds more to his ingenuity than credit. Having been engaged to paint the ceiling of the Town Hall, at Munich, by the day, his love of dissipation induced him to neglect his work, so that the magistrates and overseers of the work were frequently obliged to hunt him out at the tavern. As he could no longer drink in quiet, he stuffed an image of himself, left the legs hanging down between the staging where he was accustomed to work, and sent one of his boon companions to move the image a little two or three times a day, and to take it away at noon and night. By means of this deception, he drank, without the least disturbance, a whole fortnight together, the innkeeper being aware of the plot. The officers came round twice a-day to look after him, and seeing the well-known stockings which he was accustomed to wear, suspected nothing wrong, and went their way, greatly extolling their own convert as the most industrious and conscientious painter in the world.

A REVOLUTIONARY CHARACTER.—An amusing affair occurred not many years ago at a Fourth of July celebration in an interior town in Pennsylvania. Revolutionary veterans were becoming very hard to find, yet a procession, with no old soldier in it, was not to be willingly submitted to. An honest old German of Revolutionary repute, was discovered at the last hour. An open carriage was assigned to him in the programme, and a seat at the President's right at the table. When pressed after dinner to give his reminiscences of Washington, his recollections were found to be rather indefinite. But something being said about Yorktown, he remarked: "Yaas, I vash at Yorktown." "Under Washington?" asked the President. "Yaas, I vash under Washington ven I surrendered." "No! you mistake, my venerable friend," exclaimed the President, "Washington never surrendered." "Yaas, but you see, *I vash one of de Hessians!*"

NOT FRENCH.—A facetious Scotchman some time ago took a trip over to France, and astonished the natives there in no small degree. In the hotel where he put up, in Boulogne, the servants were all newly-imported cockneys, and Mr. M——, who is a sterling wag, mystified them not a little with his broad Scotch. Getting up one morning rather earlier than usual, he called a waiting-maid, and accosted her with,

"Fetch me ma shoon, lassee."

"Ah, sir," said she, "I don't understand French!"

A POPULAR PREACHER ON SMOKE.

Mr. Spurgeon was invited by a wealthy gentleman in the country, some forty miles from London, to come to his place and preach. Arriving there, he found a huge tent erected in the park, with bales of hay arranged tier above tier for seats, a pile of bales for a pulpit, and three or four thousand people waiting to hear him. He preached, and the people thought they had never heard such preaching before. The services over, he retired to the gentleman's house to dine, accompanied by several ministers of his own order, and followed by hundreds of his hearers. The conversation at table, in which the young preacher took the lead, was on the sin of needless self-indulgence, and the Christian obligation of self denial. After dinner an old minister, whose hearing was rather limited, pulled out his pipe, seemed anxious to light, but evidently felt somewhat embarrassed from the preceding conversation. He looked at his pipe, then at the fire, and then at Mr. Spurgeon, at the fire, at the pipe. At length he said:

"Brother Spurgeon, do you think it would be wrong for me to smoke?"

"Have you any Scripture to justify the practice?" asked the preacher.

"Well, I think I have," added the venerable father in Israel.

"I shall be glad to hear what it is," rejoined Mr. Spurgeon.

"Well, brother, David was certainly a smoker."

"Ah, how do you make that out?"

"Well, he speaks, you know, in one of the psalms, of going through the valley of Baca (*Bac-ca*); and I make no doubt that it was a private plantation for his own particular use."

Spurgeon cast a funny side-glance towards his host, and, keeping the serious half of his countenance towards the old man, replied gravely:

"You can smoke, Father Spikenard."

EXPERIMENT WITH AN IDIOT.—Dr. Madio relates that an idiot at Salzburg, appeared to be singularly insusceptible of fear, an experiment of an appalling character and appalling consequences was made upon him as a means of putting his susceptibility to a test. It was proposed to produce in him the impression that he was with a dead man come to life. A person, accordingly, had himself laid out as a corpse, and enveloped in a shrond, and the idiot was ordered to watch over the dead. The idiot perceiving some motion in the corpse, desired it to lie still; but the pretended corpse, raising itself in spite of this admonition, the idiot seized a hatchet, which unluckily was within his reach, and cut off first one of the feet of the unfortunate counterfeit, and then, unmoved by his cries, cut off his head. He then calmly resumed his station by the real corpse.

☞ MR. PICKEN thus pours forth in honor of a popular actress:

"You are a good egg, very—a perpetual brick—
And you don't go hard on the lemancholy, and make me sick,
As some of these other actresses do,
Who ain't fit to tie the string o' your shoe'
Great playeress, adieu! great actress, good-bye,
And I will take out my gingham flag and wipe my weeping eye!"

☞ When a lover *dotes* on his darling, a refusal acts as an anti-*dote*.

☞ The Reading Chronicle speaks of an old lady 103 years of age, who mends all the clothes of her son and his family. We suppose she thinks that "it is never too late to mend."

LEAP YEAR.—UNPROTECTED INNOCENCE.

COURTING DAYS.

Do you remember, love, the days
When hand in hand we sped together,
The dear old spot that saw us meet,
Despite the changes of the weather?
The seat on which so oft we sat,
Save when by other sweethearts taken:
And the warm kiss at parting snatched,
Sweet type of constancy unshaken?
And oh! how long appeared the time,
Till each the well-known footsteps hearing:
And ah! how sweet the bells' soft chime,
True to their quarters both appearing.

In other climes we wander now,
The dear old seat is lost forever,
The quarters tell the hour of eight,
But we shall meet as lovers never.
United now we pass through life,
And share each other's joy and sorrow,
Thank God for that bestowed to-day,
And trust Him for the coming morrow.
Sweet love, our courting days are gone,
But yet methinks (with truth not sporting,)
If one in heart we journey on,
Why, what's a wedded life but courting?

L. M. T.

THE REWARD OF VIRTUE.

An alderman of this city told me the other day that he had never done a good action which he was not doubly rewarded for, and, strange and incredible as it may sound, he has done many. My experience, however, has not been so encouraging. The mischief I have done has been committed with perfect impunity, but almost every good action of which I have been guilty, has been punished with a severity proportioned to its disinterestedness.

When Miss Emily B——, who years since arrived at the immovable age of twenty-seven, was about to be wedded to a dashing young fellow, calling himself Rupert Stanley, Esq., she happened to encounter one of my beaux—I did not intend to speak in the plural, or to parade the circumstance—who told me in confidence that Emily's *fiance* was a great scamp, but, as it was no business of his, that he should not interfere in the matter. Emily, being my old friend, I was morally obliged to tell her brother what I had heard, and begged him to acquaint himself secretly but thoroughly with the antecedents of his sister's betrothed. He did so, and found that Rupert Stanley, Esq., had half-a-dozen aliases, and that he was a regular rogue, having been imprisoned more than once for swindling.

Mr. B—— kicked the impostor out of the house, and Emily lost her last chance, such as it was. Her brother was very thankful for my interference, but she has never forgiven me for dissipating her delicious illusion, and always talks as if it were my fault that she is an old maid.

"But I have urged again and again, your betrothed was a great rascal."

"Not so bad as they say, I am sure," she replies; "and there is no telling what a good wife might not have made him."

"But he was married to several women," I rejoin.

"Not really because it could not have been possible," insists Emily; "but even if it were so, that only shows how captivating were his manners, and how much he must have loved me to prefer me to all of them. He might have got divorced from them all, and married—"

"Pha! Emily you are crazy for a husband!" I break in, throwing her into a rage, causing her to bounce out of the room, and to refuse to speak to me for the next three months afterwards.—*A Lady in N. Y. Atlas.*

MOTHER AND CHILD.—The greatest painters who have ever lived have tried to paint the beauty of that simple thing, a mother with her babe—and have failed. One of them, Raffaelle, to whom God gave the spirit of beauty in a measure in which He never gave it, perhaps, to any other man, tried again and again for years, painting over and over that simple subject—the mother and her babe—and could not satisfy himself. Each of his pictures is most beautiful—each in a different way; and yet none of them is perfect. There is more beauty in that simple every day sight than he or any man could express by his pencil and his colors. And yet it is a sight which we see every day.

HINT TO EXQUISITES.—A celebrated Parisian dandy was ordered by his physicians to follow a course of sea bathing at Dieppe. Arrived at that delightful bathing town, he ordered a machine and attendant, and went boldly into the water. He plunged in bravely; but in an instant after came up puffing and blowing. "Francis," said he, "the sea smells detestably; it will poison me. *Throw a little eau de Cologne* into the water, or I shall be suffocated!"

☞ If 112 pounds make one hundred weight, how many will it take to make your wife wait.

GENERAL JACKSON'S WIFE.

Mr. Parton tells the following story of Gen. Jackson's wife:

When General Jackson was a candidate for the Presidency in 1828, not only did the party opposed to him abuse him for his public acts, which, if unconstitutional or violent, were a legitimate subject of reprobation, but they defamed the character of his wife. On one occasion a newspaper published in Nashville was laid upon the General's table. He glanced over it, and his eyes fell upon an article in which the character of Mrs. Jackson was violently assailed. So soon as he had read it he sent for his trusty old servant Dunwoodie.

"Saddle my horse," said he to him in a whisper, "and put my holsters on him."—Mrs. Jackson watched him, and though she heard not a word, she thought she saw mischief in his eyes. The General went out, after a few moments, when she took up the paper and understood everything. She ran out to the south gate of the yard of the Hermitage, by which the General would have to pass. She had not been there more than a few seconds before the General rode up with the countenance of a madman. She placed herself before his horse, and cried out,

"Oh, General, don't go to Nashville! Let that poor editor live! Let that poor editor live!"

"Let me alone!" he replies, "how came you to know what I am going for?"

She answered,

"I saw it all in his paper after you went out; put up your horse and go back."

He replied furiously,

"But I *will* go—get out of my way!"

Instead of doing this, she grasped his bridle with both hands.

He cried to her,

"I *say*, *let go my horse*; *I'll have his heart's* blood—the villain that reviles my wife shall not live!"

She grasped the reins but the tighter, and began to expostulate with him, saying that *she* was the one who ought to be angry, but that she forgave her persecutors from the bottom of her heart, and prayed for them—that he should forgive, if he had hoped to be forgiven. At last, by her reasoning, her entreaties and her tears, she so worked upon her husband that he seemed mollified to a certain extent. She wound up by saying, "No, General, you *shall* not take the life of even my reviler—you *dare* not do it, for it is written, 'Vengeance is *mine*, I will repay, saith the Lord!'"

The iron nerved hero gave way before the earnest pleading of his beloved wife, and replied,

"I yield to you; but had it not been for you, and the words of the Almighty, the wretch should not have lived an hour."

☞ It has been established by the courts, that the first stroke of the clock is the record of the hour.

Useful Receipts.

HOW TO KEEP FURS.—It is stated that the best way to insure furs from destruction by moths, is to pack all in a box or trunk lined with brown holland, first sprinkling there with red pepper. This is better than camphor, for dealers in furs are often victimized by entomological pests, though their goods be saturated with this powerful odor. Before packing away furs, they should be well beaten, to dislodge any larvæ that, despite the most scrupulous care, may be deposited in them. The superiority of pepper to camphor, as a preservative to furs, consists in the fact that, while larvæ will incubate among camphor, there is something in the aroma of pepper which destroys them in embryo.

PICKLES.—An excellent way to make pickles that will keep a year or more, is to drop them into boiling hot water, but not boil them; let them stay ten minutes, wipe them dry, and drop into cold spiced vinegar, and they will not need to be put into salt and water.

TO COOK BEEFSTEAK.—The following were the rules adopted by the celebrated "Beefsteak Club," started in England, in 1733:

Pound well your meat, until the fibres break;
Be sure that next you have, to broil the steak,
Good coal in plenty; nor a moment leave,
But turn it over this way, and then that;
The lean should be quite rare—not so the fat;
The platter now and then the juice receive.
Put on your butter, place it on your meat,
Salt, pepper, turn it over, serve and eat.

HONEY.—Four pounds loaf sugar; 1½ do. honey; 1 quart of water; 1 big spoonful gum arabic; 1 teaspoonful cream tartar—put all together, and boil fifteen minutes. This will almost cheat the bees themselves.—*Rural New Yorker.*

EDWARD MALONE'S ANCESTORS.—He (Doctor Taylor, of Isleworth, who gave the details in 1788,) married my father to Miss Collier, in 1736. Old Mr. Collier was a very vain man, who had made his fortune in the South Sea year; and having been originally a merchant, was fond, after he had retired to live upon his fortune, of a great deal of display and parade. On his daughter's wedding, therefore, he invited nearly fifty persons, and got two or three capital cooks from London to prepare a magnificent entertainment in honor of the day.—When other ceremonies had concluded, the young couple were put to bed, and every one of this numerous assemblage came into the room to make their congratulations to my father and mother, *who sat up in bed to receive them.* "Madam, I wish you a very good night. Sir, all happiness to you, and a very good night!" and so on through the party.—My father, who hated all parade, but was forced to submit to the old gentleman's humor, must have been in a fine fume; and my mother, who was then but seventeen or eighteen, sufficiently embarrassed.—*Life of Edmund Malone, Editor of Shakspeare. By Sir James Prior, M. R. I. A., F. S. A., &c.*

☞ "A specious appearance does much," said a begging preacher to his decorous flock, "but an appearance of specie does more." Last year, when I preached for the penitentiary, I saw nothing but shillings in the plate. You must have thought, my brethren, that I was preaching for a *twelve penny tentiary.*

Agricultural.

SHADING GREENHOUSES.—M. Boutin, in the last number of *La Revue Horticole*, recommends common tallow for this purpose. It should be slightly heated in an earthen vessel, and applied with a cotton rag to the glass when in an unctuous state, neither cold nor warm. We apprehend that, on a very hot summer day, the tallow would become fluid, and drop down on the plants. Perhaps spermaceti or stearine might answer better. Some of our nurserymen, who do not care for appearances, have used for this purpose plastering laths nailed on the upper side of the rafters above the sash, leaving openings of about an inch between the laths. One advantage about this mode of shading, is, that it answers even when the sash is lowered. Where neatness is desired, nothing looks so well, and is at the same time so efficient and durable, as sugar of lead ground in oil. It can be procured at almost any color shop, and resembles white lead. It should be greatly diluted with spirits of turpentine, and put on very thin with a brush. In putting it on, the brush should be kept very dry, and but little of the material should be used: in this way it is more evenly distributed over the glass. This is the material used by painters to produce the effect of ground glass.

PLANT PEAS DEEP.—The theory recently advocated of planting peas very deep in the earth, in order to prolong the bearing capacity of the vines, has been well tested in Williamstown, and found to be correct. A farmer told me that *he ploughed a furrow beam deep; then scattered the seed peas deep at the bottom*; after which he turned a deep furrow upon them with his plough, covering them, if possible, to the depth of twelve or fourteen inches. They pushed their way up through the thick mass of earth very soon, and, instead of turning yellow at the bottom, and dying after the first gathering, they blossomed and bore until he was tired of picking the pods. If such a result will uniformly be realized from the plant, pea culture may be more profitable than hitherto.

HOW CORN IS PRESERVED IN RUSSIA.—At a late meeting of the Academy of Sciences, held in Paris, a letter from M. de Seurchoff, a Russian landowner, was read, describing the manner in which corn pits are made in that country. The pits are dug in a dry soil, and, instead of masonry, the sides are hardened by a long-continued exposure to a wood fire. Before the corn is introduced, the air in the pit is rarefied by burning straw in it, after which the grain is thrown in, packed close, and the pit tightly enclosed. Corn has been preserved in such pits for forty years.

PAINTED VESSELS FOR THE DAIRY.—At a discussion held by the Club of Little Falls, N. Y., it was established that newly painted vessels were the cause of discolored cheese, and that such cheese was more or less poisonous. The evil was to be met by painting tubs and pails in advance of their use, and their soaking them in whey or water until the poisonous substance in the lead was extracted. Tin vessels were considered the most economical, as less troublesome to keep clean and sweet, besides being light and easily handled.

SAND FOR BEDDING HORSES.—Mr. Small, a veterinary surgeon of considerable experience and successful practice in Ulster, Ireland, states that in the present scarcity of straw, he uses sand for horses' beds in his repository; and further observes that sand is superior to straw, inasmuch as the former article does not retain heat, and also preserves horses' hoofs. Mr. Small's alleged successful experiment deserves extended circulation, now that the market price of straw is so high.

A GREAT MILKER.—George Greig, Esq., of Nonantum Hill, Newton, informs us that he has an Ayrshire cow which is now giving from twenty-eight to thirty quarts of milk a day. She dropped a fine bull calf by an imported Ayrshire bull, belonging to an Agricultural Society in New Brunswick, about three weeks since—which, we understand, has been purchased by Hon. Josiah Quincy, Jr.—*Boston Courier.*

INSECTS ON STOCK.—Well kept stock, housed in clean, well littered, whitewashed stables, are rarely, unless they take them from other cattle, troubled with vermin—but pulverized copperas and sulphur, in the proportion of one teaspoonful of copperas and two of sulphur, with a little salt—mixed in half a bushel of meal, given twice a week for three weeks, to 100 head of cattle or hogs, is said to be a complete remedy.

The Riddler.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first
At any time of year
The weather proving clear,
Do not think me a seer
When I say—
My first you can see,
If your eyesight be free,
O'er hilltop and tree,
After day.

My second
On the deep, dark sea,
The pirate wild and free
Is heard using me
As command:
In the forest I am found,
I in every tree abound,—
Now, cast your eye around—
I'm at hand.

My whole is familiar to seamen.

W. WINDSOR.

SCRIPTURE ENIGMA.

Whose coming gladdened much the heart of Paul?
Man's happy home ere Satan caused his fall.
Who in an idol house helped slay his sire?
Whose flock graz'd near the bush that burn'd with fire?

What angel to a prophet said, "Fear not"?
Who kissed her friend but would not share her lot?
Who dwelt and judged beneath a stately palm,
And 'midst the din of arms felt no alarm?

If God's own word you search, as all should do,
My rhyme will not a puzzle prove to you;
Each name's initial only will you need
To form a text which he who runs may read.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

An insect of note, with one-third of a grain,
The name of a liquor with ease will explain.

ALTON.

RIDDLE.

Ladies, adore the shrine that sends
Good reputation, many friends.
I make you noble tho' you're base;
In birth, 'tis I that give you grace.
As thro' the maze of life you run,
What paths you tread, and what you shun,
Are taught by me; and, by my ray
Inspir'd, I point the doubtful way.
I'm constant, and sincere as truth,
In age decay'd no more than youth;
I'm every way exact and nice,
Well bred, and free from every vice.
Search all the ample world around,
No brighter jewel can be found.

PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have a piece of pasteboard one foot square, which I wish to make into a box by cutting out equal squares from each corner. How large must the squares that I cut out be, so that the number of square inches in the inside surface of the box shall be equal to the number of *cubic inches* in its capacity? ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango Co., Pa.

MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a pic-nic grove there is a common rope swing. The centre of oscillation is 25 feet from the point of suspension or centre of motion, and may be assumed to swing through an arc of 100 feet.

1st. Required the number of vibrations per minute?

2nd. The point and amount of its greatest velocity?

3rd. The strain on the ropes, when the person swinging weigh 300 pounds?

Philadelphia. JOS. H. WARRINGTON.

☞ An answer is requested.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the first chicken of a brood like the foremast of a ship? Ans.—Because it's a little for'ard of the main-hatch.

☞ Once in a minute, twice in a moment, once in a man's life? Ans.—The letter M.

☞ Why is skinning an eel like an agreement for a separate maintenance? Ans.—Because it is a deed of separation.

☞ Why is a man who spoils his children like another who builds castles in the air? Ans.—Because he indulges in fancy (infancy) too much.

☞ Why are jokes like nuts? Ans.—Because the drier they are the better they crack.

☞ Why is a sheet of postage stamps like distant relations? Ans.—Because they are but slightly connected.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

RIDDLE—Love and beauty. ANAGRAMS—Gen. George Washington, Baron Humboldt, Stephen A. Douglas, Aaron Burr, Uncle Sam, Thomas Paine, Shakspeare, Beethoven, James Buchanan, Louis Napoleon.

SCRIPTURAL ENIGMA.

We have received two answers to the excellent Scriptural Enigma in THE POST of April 14th—one from Mrs. L. E. Mabie, of Williamsport, Pa., the other from Rebekah N. Chase, of East Machias, Maine—which are mainly correct, though both err in respect to the fourth name, giving Peter instead of Paul the proper credit. The correct answer is as follows:—

PREPARE TO MEET THY GOD.—Amos iv. 12

P eninnah	1 Sam. i. 4—7
R ehoboam	1 Kings xii. 12—16
E zra	Ezra vii. 6
P aul	Acts xxvii. 24
A mos	Amos i. 5
R uth	Ruth i. 16
E lisha's	2 Kings v. 25
T roas	2 Tim. iv. 13
O g	Deut iii. 3—11
M iriam	Exod. xv. 20
E sra	Neh. viii. 4
E sther	Esther iv. 10—11
T irzah	1 Kings xvi. 9—10
T imothy	2 Tim. iv. 13
H iram	1 Kings v. 10
Y okefellow	Phil. iv. 3
G ideon	Judg. vi. 11
O lives	Mark xiv. 26
D avid	2 Sam. xviii. 24—33